HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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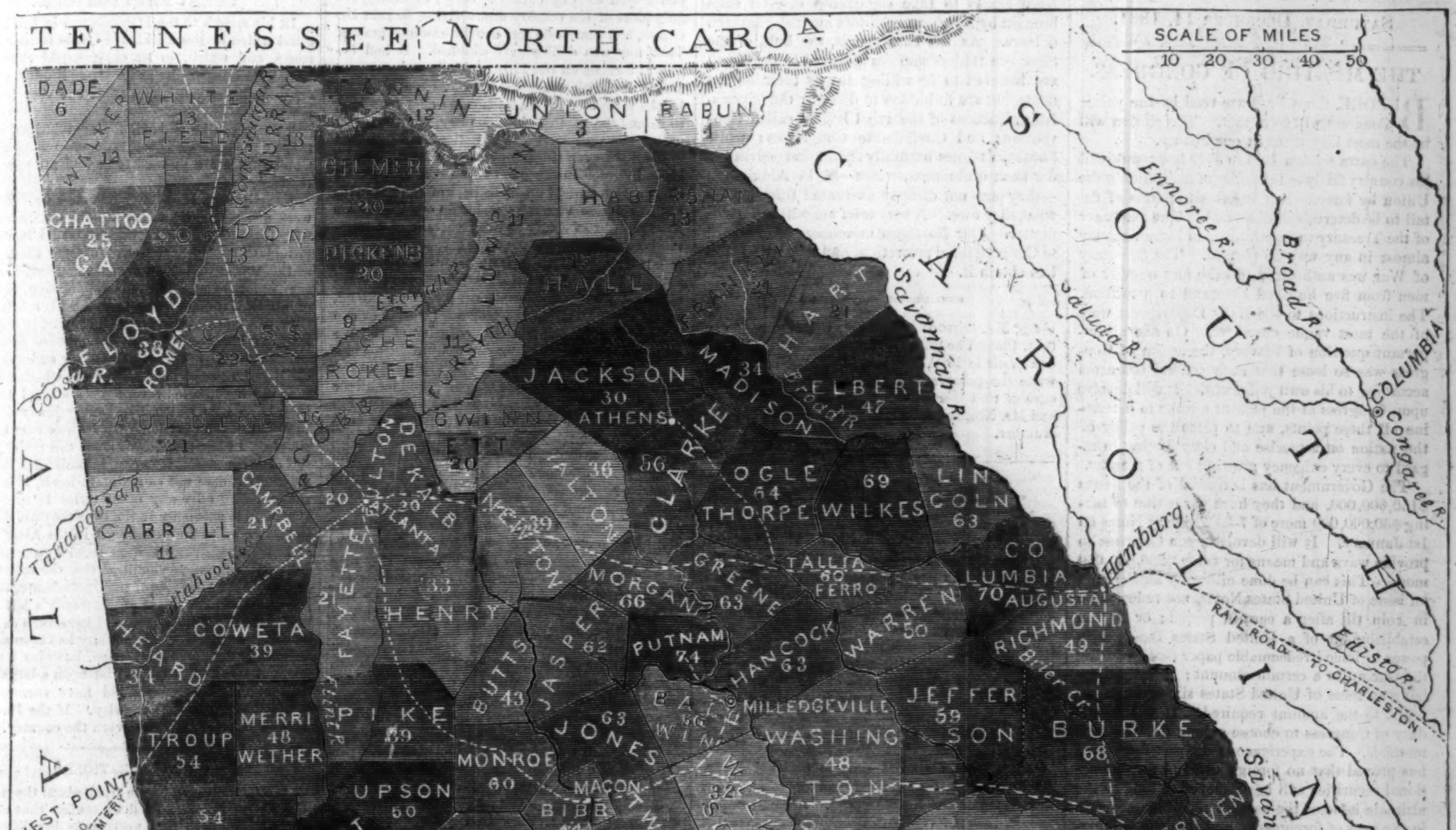


A CHART MAP OF GEORGIA, SHOWING THE PERCENTAGE OF SLAVES IN EACH COUNTY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

A CHART MAP OF GEORGIA.

WE publish on the preceding page a CHART MAP OF GEORGIA, similar to the one we published of South Carolina in our Number of November 23. The tint, by its depth of shade, shows the comparative percentage of slaves to the total population in each county, that percentage being likewise stated in figures in the centre of the tint. Thus in Ware County only seven per cent of the total population are slaves, while in Chatham County the percentage is 71, or nearly three-quarters. It will be noticed that the largest slave communities are on the sea-shore and round the points to be occupied by our troops. Chatham County, in which Tybee is situate, contains 71 per cent. of slaves; Glynn County, where Brunswick is situate, 86 per cent.; Camden County, whose sea-port is Fernandina, Florida, 67 per cent. This map will be of use to the philosopher and student.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

BEFORE these lines are read by the public Congress will have met. The session will be the most important in our history.

The extra session held in July last committed the country fairly to the policy of maintaining the Union by force. But it left all matters of detail to be determined afterward. The Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to borrow money almost in any way he pleased. The Secretary of War was authorized to raise any number of men from five hundred thousand to a million. The instructions to the Navy Department were of the most vague character. On the all-important question of Slavery, the action of Congress was so loose that each general has acted according to his own judgment. It will devolve upon Congress at the present session to determine all these points, and to place the policy of the nation on a precise and clear footing in regard to every exigency growing out of the war.

The Government has borrowed of the banks $150,000,000, and they have the option of taking $50,000,000 more of 7-30 Treasury Notes on 1st January. It will devolve upon Congress to provide ways and means for some $200,000,000 more. This can be done either by authorizing an issue of United States Notes, not redeemable in coin till after a certain period; or by the establishment of a United States Bank, with power to issue irredeemable paper money during the war up to a certain amount; or by authorizing an issue of United States six or seven per cents. to the amount required. It will be the duty of Congress to choose among these various methods. The experience of the past few weeks has proved that no foreign demand for our national securities will be developed so long as the ultimate issue of the conflict remains uncertain in the eyes of foreigners; and that the voluntary absorption of Treasury Notes by the public at home is too slow to meet the requirements of the Government.

Congress will also have to fix a limit to the army. Six hundred thousand men ought to suffice to do the work which is to be done. Over this number of troops are already in the field, and it only remains for Congress to organize them into an army, by abolishing State distinctions, and distinctions of uniform, drill, etc. This force is enlisted for three years or the war. It is to be hoped that the war will not last three years. But if it were ended to-morrow the country would not be safe without a force of 100,000 men in active service, and a reserve of double that number at home. It will devolve upon Congress to enact the laws necessary for such a reorganization of the volunteer force, so as to relieve the President of the duty of dealing with the case in the event of the surrender of the rebels during the recess.

Fresh enactments are required to enable the Navy Department to perform its office usefully. More iron-clad ships must be built, and the instructions to the Department to provide vessels of light draft must be made imperative. At the extra session a sum of $1,200,000 was appropriated for the construction of several side-wheel steamers of about 500 tons each. Only one of these has been ordered. They should all have been afloat by this time. To be safe, we must have a navy equal to that of any Power in the world. We do not want vessels to make war on Europe, but we do want a navy which shall in case of necessity be able to defend our own coasts against the combined navies of England and France.

The policy of the Government with regard to Slavery must be authoritatively defined. Events will regulate the great question without laws. But it is subversive of good government and order for one general to pursue one policy at St. Louis, and another directly the opposite at Alexandria or Port Royal. The Confiscation Act needs amendment and extension in this regard, for it is obvious that a slave who stays on a rebel plantation and hoes corn for the rebel army, is as palpably used in supporting the rebel cause as if he were employed in throwing up intrenchments or standing sentry. Legislation is needed, too, for the case of slaves who escape from their masters and still decline to work for our generals. At Beaufort, General Sherman finds some difficulty in procuring negro labor, though seven or eight thousand adult negroes are believed to be loose on Hilton Head and the adjacent islands. The old vagrant Acts will furnish a sound precedent for the laws required by the emergency.

Two other points of importance will naturally engage the attention of Congress. The interchange of prisoners is one, and the collection of debts due by Southern men to Northern debtors is another. Mr. Lincoln has never been willing to recognize the rebels as belligerents by exchanging prisoners with them, though he has not objected to his generals doing so, and from the first outbreak in Missouri to the present time prisoners have been regularly exchanged on the Mississippi. It seems a puerile matter—this affecting to deny that we are at war; we presume that Congress will at once authorize an exchange. It is also probable that an act will be passed, empowering courts-martial in the rebel States to take cognizance of civil suits brought by Northern creditors against Southern debtors. As the case stands, the bulk of the Southern traders who are indebted to the North are believed to be willing to pay their honest debts, but are forbidden to do so by the oppressive ordinances of the rebel bodies called Conventions and Confederate Congresses; while Southern rogues naturally shield themselves under such ordinances, where—as in Alexandria—they are not directly prevented from paying what they owe. A very brief act will settle this matter. Our Northern merchants are entitled to Congressional protection, and they will doubtless obtain it.

☞ MR. OSGOOD, of Boston, writes to us to say that, though he was the correspondent of the London *Critic* in 1860, and is so now, yet he did not write the paragraph in the American correspondence of that journal referring to Mr. DU CHAILLU and Mr. NORDHOFF, which was noticed in our last Number.

THE LOUNGER.

"COMPLIMENTARY FLUNKYISM."

THIS expressive term had the following origin: A few years since, upon the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, there was a celebration in Boston, and among the guests invited with special distinction was James M. Mason, then Senator from Virginia. James M. Mason was known to the country only in the most offensive manner: first, as a man whose bearing in the Senate was a perpetual insult to every body who did not think the Union was intended exclusively as a slave-pen; and, second, as the author of the Fugitive Slave bill of 1850.

These were his credentials to national favor. As to the first, the personal manners of any man are the concern of his associates. All that can be said is, that if Mr. Mason's bearing was agreeable to the society he frequented, then it was a very remarkable society. But the second matter was a public concern. Granting that a Fugitive Slave bill is constitutional, the particular bill of 1850, prepared by James M. Mason, was exhaustively characterized by Charles Francis Adams, in his famous speech of the 21st January, 1861: "So far from being constructed with any view to effect its object, that measure has always seemed to me to have the appearance of being made purposely offensive, in order to insure its non-execution, so that complaints against the Free States might grow out of it."

The part of the country which felt most aggrieved by the harsh severities and unquestionable unconstitutional clauses of that law was New England, of which Boston is the metropolis. What Mr. Adams further said, in his calm and cogent speech, was peculiarly applicable to his own State of Massachusetts: "A collision with a popular prejudice, however ill-founded, will annul the most beneficent law. . . . . Thus it happens that the codes of all countries abound in obsolete laws. Such were the . . . . . Such was, in fact, the Fugitive Slave law of 1850; and, for different reasons, such are likewise the Personal Liberty laws. In a very large section of the Free States the former is inoperative, and always will be; and the reason is, that its harshness against innocent men runs counter to the sympathies of the people. It is no matter how many laws you make about it, the more cruel they are the less will you be likely to find them efficient. This is a law of human feeling, which every man made with a heart can readily comprehend."

It was the author of such a law that was especially invited to Boston upon the anniversary of the first great battle of our liberties, and received such peculiar social honor that an ardent young orator on the following Fourth of July felicitously branded the spirit that, at this time of day and in New England, could take pains to toady such a man, as Complimentary Flunkyism. That a Senator of the United States should be invited, was well; that a Southern Senator should be asked, was hospitable. But that the man who represented all that was most offensive in the institutions of the country should be selected as an honored guest at Bunker Hill, was a wanton insult to the conscience and the "law-abiding" tranquillity of New England. And it was but another proof to the present traitor, that when the hour for treason sounded he and his confederates would find ready and active supporters even at the base of Bunker Hill.

The 19th of April undeceived him. Commodore Wilkes opened one of his eyes; and Colonel Dimmick, at Fort Warren, will open the other. And yet—and yet—

AND YET—WHAT?

AND yet there are kind people in Boston who would gladly send Mason and Slidell boxes of wine and hampers of game.

It comes to this Lounger upon unquestionable authority that the men at Fort Warren who are the most guilty—not the poor ignorant soldiers taken in arms at Hatteras and elsewhere, but the great instigators and plotters and chiefs of the rebellion—are constantly receiving baskets of Champagne and other luxuries from those who are by no means disloyal, but who seem to forget, in their sympathy for prisoners, the crimes for which they are imprisoned.

A few weeks ago Boston was struck to the heart by the disaster at Ball's Bluff. Massachusetts wept her children. A cruel, utterly causeless war, waged for the meanest and most atrocious purpose, unredeemed by a solitary gleam of honor or dignity—a war begun in the most shameless fraud and waged with barbarous ferocity, involving the happiness of the country and striving to ruin the nation, had snatched these men into sudden graves. That war was deliberately planned. It had begun at Sumter on the 12th of April, and was continued in Baltimore a week after, upon the 19th, by the slaughter of Massachusetts men marching to defend the capital of the country, and the peace, unity, and prosperity of the nation. It has been maintained ever since, until every home has its heart invested in the great cause. It is a war as solemn and critical upon the part of the nation as the Revolution was. To maintain our liberty we have to fight as firmly as our fathers fought to establish it.

The first great point is to persuade the world, and ourselves, and the rebels, that we are in earnest; that we mean what we say; that we intend, at any cost of terrible and prolonged war, to defend the honor and maintain the integrity of the nation. And yet when we have by a just vigor made prisoners of the men who are morally responsible for the Baltimore massacre, and for all the lost lives, broken hearts, blood and ruin, and agony of this war, they are the recipients of such gifts from our friends as are only sent when we wish to mark especial regard and high consideration. Does any body suppose they believe in our sincerity? Does any body doubt that with each bottle they drink to the success of the rebellion—a success which can be achieved only by the blood, and bitter sorrow, and utter ruin of the neighbors and friends of those who thus unconsciously help to betray their own cause? While who does not see that the friends of these rebels at home will only the more deeply despise what will inevitably seem to them, as it does to us? "Ho, ho, mud-sills," they contemptuously cry, "you have caught some of your masters, and your craven souls can not hold you from licking their feet! You call them traitors and rebels, and yet such is your poor, flimsy, cowed spirit that you treat them like honored guests!"

When shall we learn that the rebels have a perfectly sincere contempt for us, and that courtesy is as much lost upon them as it is upon a rhinoceros?

The motives of those who shower such attentions upon imprisoned traitors—and with us that word has an entirely new association—are not to be questioned. They do not think much about it. They have a vague feeling that the prisoners are only political prisoners, and that political prisoners are not criminals. They recall, perhaps, other days when they personally knew them and enjoyed social intercourse with them. But reflect a moment!

Many of the men who have been forced to arms to resist the machinations and foul plots of these traitors against the peace and welfare of the country are captured also and by the party of the traitors. How are they treated? Colonel Corcoran is in a felon's cell. Dr. Harris, who was taken at Bull Run, has told us his story of imprisonment at Richmond. Do you think Colonel Corcoran receives wine and game and other such assurances of sympathy? If he did, would not the fact be trumpeted aloud as proof of the essential weakness of the rebel cause? If Mr. Wade, or Mr. Sumner, or Marshal Murray, or Mr. Adams, or General Frémont were prisoners in rebel hands, do you think they would not be treated like the prisoners of a party which is in earnest, and is seen to be so in the conduct of every man, woman, and child? The offense for which the chief prisoners are held at Fort Warren is high treason; levying war against the United States, adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. Is treason nothing? Is the war a joke?

But it is said that we have no personal animosity against the rebels. True. We have not. We have no more animosity against them—making due allowance for human nature—than we had against Hicks the pirate, or any crimin... who atones for the injured majesty of law. But no honorable American can feel very friendly toward men who, for the basest purpose, have compassed the death of noble men, and have dealt the present blow at the nation. Not revenge, but justice, requires that they should feel that we are not friends of the enemies of our country. It is not magnanimity, it is pusillanimity, which condemns treason and coddles traitors. Let these men be treated with perfect humanity. Let them have air, and light, and proper space, and cleanliness, and warmth, and good and sufficient food and clothing, and books, and innocent correspondence with their friends. Is that inhuman? But to treat them as we should wish to treat our own most honored and most loyal men, is that not to confound all distinctions of justice, and utterly to stultify ourselves as honorable men and patriots?

Oh, but the rebels will retaliate? Retaliate what? Will they secure air, light, warmth, good food, clothes, books, and correspondence, to our friends in their hands? So much the better. If they will not, they are not our models. Their inhumanity must not make us inhuman. Though we fight Indians, we must not scalp our prisoners. If they starve Corcoran and Lee, we must still feed Slidell and Mason. Even if they roast them at a slow fire, we must only hold their emissaries fast prisoners. Then if those emissaries are found guilty of high treason, let the same humanity see that the cord is strong.

The sternest justice is compatible with the utmost humanity. Whatever their ultimate fate may be these men at Fort Warren are not meanwhile to feel—are they?—that their imprisonment is merely a temporary personal inconvenience, soon to be forgotten in Boston bumpers. Baker, Lyon, Greble, Ward, Winthrop, Ellsworth, do these names mark temporary personal inconveniences? No: they attest the solemnity and earnestness of the war. But if the kind people in Boston who send game and wine to the state prisoners are doing right, then this war is a frightful sham, a crime upon our part, the more flagrant because frivolous and futile.

YANCEY RIGHT FOR ONCE.

IN his speech to the Fishmongers in London—a guild which invites all kinds of lions to roar at its feasts, and which, in its cups, would cheer Mr. Wendell Phillips quite as loudly as it did Mr. Yancey—the latter gentleman made one very true remark:

"There can be no basis for negotiations, or for peace proposals or consultations, so long as the Confederates are deemed to be and are treated as rebels."

Exactly so. It suits the whole case. If they were not rebels, we either should not be at war with them, or, being at war, it would inevitably terminate by "negotiations" of some kind. But as this war is simply an armed insurrection which the National Government is suppressing, the idea of the Government's negotiating with rebels as to the terms upon which they will consent to obey the laws, or treating with them for peace upon any conditions whatever except absolute surrender and obedience, or consulting with them whether or not it is worth while to prevent the National destruction, is an idea which Mr. Yancey justly declares to be out of the question. The whole case is very simple. Either the Government can maintain itself or it can not. If it can, it maintains itself as it is. If it does not so maintain itself, it is overthrown. To offer any other terms to the rebels than simple obedience to the laws they are defying is to own an entire defeat. If in the Astor Place riot the magistrates had consented to forbid the military to fire upon condition that the mob would tear down only one side of the Opera-house, and cut off only the little finger of Macready's left hand, the authority of the law would have been as utterly overthrown as if the whole city had been sacked.

This is only an insurrection, however formidable. A rebellion is only a riot upon a large scale. If the Macready mob could have succeeded, it would have governed the city. If the Davis rebellion succeeds, it will govern the country.

"DEMONSTRATIONS."

WHATEVER may be the truth about the removal of General Frémont—and we confess that nothing has yet appeared that necessarily invalidates his honesty or ability—yet it is very clear that this is not the time for public "demonstrations" in his honor, of the kind which the Germans in New York lately contemplated.

His friends believe his case to be clear enough. If so, it will not fail so to appear upon the official investigation. But until it does appear, and while so many are unconvinced, and while a cloud of obscurity certainly rests upon parts of the Missouri campaign, it is premature, and therefore imperious to him, to treat the case as closed and the verdict rendered. Should that verdict be unfavorable yet evidently unjust, his friends who would have the evidence in common with the country, could not help expressing their continued regard for him and faith in him by public expressions. Should the verdict be favorable, they would naturally congratulate themselves and him. Meanwhile it is not fair to him that any prejudice should be excited against him, as it inevitably must be by "demonstrations."

There is no man who can more unhesitatingly trust the future than Frémont. The public mind is now disposed to be very just to every man. If there has been any conspiracy against him, it will somehow appear. That many of the men around him were of bad reputation may be conceded. But their executive ability must also be granted. And then the question is whether Frémont did not employ, as all great leaders have done, the most capable men, relying upon his own power to use their skill and withstand their knavish tendencies?

It is wrong to foment a factitious public opinion. Those of us who believe that General Frémont is an honest, energetic, able man, wish that the truth may appear without parade. It will so appear in a proper Court of Inquiry. And it will be only clouded and confused by every thing that previously prejudices the public mind.

LOOKING ROUND.

AFTER Bull Run, how many were ready to give up all for lost! After Beaufort, how many thought the war virtually over! We can not too constantly remember that this war can not be settled by any single stroke. Even a decisive defeat of our army upon the Potomac would not break the heart of the national resolution. It would defer the day of the restoration of peace by the suppression of the rebellion; but that is all. The rebel army might at some point press into Maryland; some faint hearts among us would give up the ghost; and some foreign power might declare that the rebellion held its own and had justified its action.

But such results could only combine us more closely and strengthen us more surely. The sup-

ply of luxuries to the rebel prisoners would be cut off. The people who profess an airy ignorance and indifference in the war would be silenced and sobered by public opinion; and a victory of the rebellion upon the Potomac would be the liberation of the slaves. If they are our foes already, as the scornful rebels declare, they would be no more so then. If they wished to fight for their own degradation, they would have an opportunity.

The lesson of the ever-present hour is, that we are to keep a cheerful mind by looking always directly at the facts of the case.

The rebels are very ignorant, and their effort is for the destruction of all the safeguards of human rights; but they are as sincere as savages, as desperate, and as unforgiving. They are taught, and they believe, that this is a war of invasion by fire and sword against their territory and all their rights, especially their sacred system of slavery, waged by a plebeian, psalm-singing, Puritan mob of peddlers and tinkers, who have always abused them, and taxed them, and made money out of them, and who now propose to take their property outright. They are taught and believe that all that is precious and honorable in men requires resistance to the death. They are very ignorant, but very desperate and very able.

Now such rebels fight with their brains no less than with their guns. The brains may belong to a few, but they are well worked for the benefit of all. Take for an instance the fact that they had poisoned the public opinion of the whole world against us. When the storm struck us, we struggled up, looked around for a friend, and the nations stood regarding us with folded arms, and either a smile or sneer upon their faces. It was an immense victory and advantage for the rebellion. It was a part of the same sagacity in crime that had already stolen all our arms and demolished or sent off our ships. It showed what every thing else has shown, the earnestness of the rebels.

The war, then, as General M'Clellan says, will be "sharp." But a sharp war implies blows received as well as given. It implies resolution and bravery upon both sides. It implies that the difficulty is not to be snuffed out, but is to be shelled out and shot down. It implies reverses and disasters all round.

All we can reasonably expect, then, is not that we shall beat in every battle, but that, upon the whole, we shall be gaining. The war is radical and thorough. We shall not have two of them in our day; and it will end in a permanent peace, not in a patch. The event may indeed soon appear. It may soon be evident that the supremacy of the Government will be indisputably established. But the establishment will be a work of time. A peace of eighty years in a country does not end in a little war; and a great war is a tempest which heaves the ocean long after the sun shines. Patience, forbearance, confidence, says General M'Clellan. Neither Bull Run nor Beaufort ended the war. The strong heart, the steady mind, the nimble hand, these alone bring final victory.

SISTE VIATOR.

WHILE Mr. Jefferson Davis asks with well-bred disdain, "Do you call *this* a blockade, John Bull?" and while that unselfish gentleman says to us, "Good cousins, what do you call a blockade?" the answer is plumped and splashed in sundry lately convenient harbors upon our rebellious coast. The Honorable Rodney French, a marine magician from New Bedford, sails out of that city one gray November morning, and presently turns a screw, and lo! he has made inland villages of sundry ports of entry.

His ships are provided with apparatus for pumping them out, and floating them at some convenient season. But when the sands of the rebellion run low, the sands of the Cooper and the Ashley and the Savannah will probably have buried the ancient whalers of New Bedford beyond help of pumps and bladders. Meanwhile the amiable discussion between the rebels and their foreign well-wishers may continue. What a blockade ought to be may remain an open question. What our blockade is will be settled.

These acts, with the arrest of Mason and Slidell, and the great day of Port Royal, will show the world, which has disbelieved, that we are now awaking, if not awake. It will show also that this nation, while it subdues a most causeless and wicked rebellion, desires to leave a monument of the war and its own power, which shall yet injure no innocent person, and in no manner destroy the prosperity of the whole country. Charleston was the nursery of this insurrection. It will not be wasted with fire, nor flooded with water; but the arrogant little city will be changed into a country village. "*Siste viator*," its quiet rural streets will hereafter say, "I was a frog; I would be an ox; and I am a dried skin."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ALMANACK AND DIARY.

ASTRONOMICAL AND METEORILLOGICAL NOTICES.

WIND—high.

N.B.—For economical reasons there will be no New Moon this month, as the old one, being in excellent repair, will still be retained upon the establishment.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Asparagus, vegetable marrow, and young pease may be looked for about this time; it is as well, however, to caution young gardeners against spending too long a time in the proceeding. If you have a dearth of fruit walk down to the water side above Richmond, gather the currents of the Thames, which are running (probably to seed), and return home in triumph.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Rake up dead leaves, soil, stumps, sand, gravel, and any other rubbish into a heap, then turn over it (somersaults, if convenient) until you are tired or hurt yourself; the effect from your neighbors' windows will be novel and pretty.

RECIPE FOR A WARM AND GRATEFUL DRINK.—(Extracted from the Works of Bishop Beveridge.)—Take half an ounce of the best raisin pips, the same of lemon, with one of the best Wallsend, one drachm and a half of finely-powdered chalk, simmer carefully on a gridiron, and drink suddenly.—N.B. The foregoing is at bedtime—(the very last thing) to be taken.

MEMORANDA FOR THE MONTH—(From J. Robinson's Note-book).—*Mem.* To ask who took my new hat after our ball. *Mem.* Find out to whom I lent my guinea umbrella. *Mem.* To get that two pounds ten from Jones.

MEM—(From Jones's Note-book).—Avoid Robinson.

SMILES AND TEARS.—An uncharitable French proverb says, "Man, woman, or child was never yet helped by Tiers;" the English of this must be that "Self-Help" is by Smiles.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE BOUCICAULTS (*from the Note-book of B. Webster, Esq.*).—"Highly accomplished couple, my dear boy; they play, sing, and—ahem!—*draw*."

QUERY BY SPINNING JENNY.—Could a loom worked by steam ever become an heir-loom in a family?

MODERN CLASSICS.—Est veritas in vino?—Vy, no.

SPRING TIME.—When the Cure sings at Weston's.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—Civility from the Civil Service.

IT FOLLOWS, OF COURSE.—In one of the journals we find the announcement of a new story called *Crime and its Punishment*. We can quite understand that, from the nature of the story, it was a crime to write it, and certainly that it will be a punishment to read it, which forms, as the author may see, a very pretty *sequiter* indeed.

The author of the following can have a check for any amount upon calling at our office, provided he will not annoy us for the future: Why is a man walking on wet grass like a bank draft unpaid?—Because he is over dew!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE first regular session of the Thirty-seventh Congress commenced at noon on 2d inst. The galleries of both Houses were crowded with spectators. In the Senate thirty-seven Senators answered to their names at roll call, including Messrs. Powell of Kentucky, Bayard of Delaware, and Bright of Indiana. The usual committees were appointed to wait upon and inform the President and the House of Representatives that the Senate was ready to proceed to business.

Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, gave notice that he would introduce a bill to confiscate the property of rebels, and give freedom to persons in slave States. Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota, gave notice of a bill to abolish the distinction between the regular and volunteer soldiers. The committee appointed to wait on the President reported that he would communicate his Message to Congress at noon on 3d, whereupon the Senate adjourned.

In the House one hundred and fourteen members answered to their names. Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, was admitted to a seat. The question of admitting Mr. Segar, from the Fortress Monroe District of Virginia, Mr. Beach, from the same State, and Mr. Foster, from North Carolina, was referred to the Committee on Elections. A memorial from Mr. Lowe, to be admitted as an additional member from California, was referred to the same Committee. A joint resolution, tendering the thanks of Congress to Captain Wilkes, for his arrest of the rebel emissaries Mason and Slidell, was adopted. A resolution expelling John W. Reed, the member from the Fifth District of Missouri, and now serving in the rebel army, was adopted. Resolutions requesting the President to order that Messrs. Slidell and Mason be treated in the same manner as Colonel Corcoran and Colonel Wood, prisoners in the hands of the rebels, are treated, were unanimously adopted, amidst cheers from the spectators.

The Secretary of War was requested to communicate what measures have been taken to ascertain who is responsible for the disaster at Ball's Bluff. Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution declaring that in prosecuting the war the Government has for its object the suppression of rebellion and the re-establishment of the Constitution and laws over the entire country; disclaiming all power to interfere with State institutions, yet that the safety of the State dominates over all rights of property and civil relations; that, therefore, the President of the United States, as the Commander-in-Chief of our army, and the officers in command under him, have the right to emancipate all persons held as slaves in any military district in a state of insurrection against the National Government; and that we respectfully advise that such order of emancipation be issued whenever the same will avail to weaken the power of the rebels in arms, or to strengthen the military power of the loyal forces. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was lost by a vote of 56 to 70. Mr. Roscoe L. Conkling, of New York, proposed an amendment so as to make the resolution apply to the slaves of disloyal citizens. This was accepted by Mr. Eliot, and the subject was then laid aside till Tuesday next.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, offered a preamble and bill declaring that there can be no permanent peace or Union in the republic so long as slavery exists within it; that slavery is an essential means of protracting the war; that according to the law of nations it is right to liberate the slaves of an enemy to weaken his power; that the President be requested to declare free, and to direct all our generals and officers in command to order freedom to all slaves who shall leave their masters or shall aid in quelling the rebellion, and that the United States pledge the faith of the nation to make full and fair compensation to all loyal citizens who are or shall remain active in supporting the Union for all damage they may sustain by virtue of this resolution. This resolution lies over for future consideration. Mr. Van Wyck, of New York, gave notice of a bill to establish and construct a military and postal railroad from Washington City, in the District of Columbia, to the City of New York, in the State of New York. The Committee appointed to wait on the President reported that the Message would be sent in at noon on 3d, and the House adjourned. The Message was sent in at noon of the 3d. We give its leading points:

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The disloyal citizens of the United States, who have offered the ruin of our country in return for the aid and comfort which they have invoked abroad, have received less patronage and encouragement than they probably expected..... The principal lever relied on by the insurgents for exciting foreign nations to hostility against us is the embarrassment of commerce. Those nations, however, not improbably saw from the first that it was the Union which made as well our foreign as our domestic commerce. They can scarcely have failed to perceive that the effort for disunion produces the existing difficulty, and that one strong nation promises more durable peace, and a more extensive, valuable, and reliable commerce, than can the same nation broken into fragments.

COAST DEFENSES.

Since, however, it is apparent that here, as in every other State, foreign dangers necessarily attend domestic difficulties, I recommend that adequate and ample measures be adopted for maintaining the public defenses on every side. While, under this general recommendation, provision for defending our coast line readily occurs to the mind, I also, in the same connection, ask the attention of Congress to our great lakes and rivers. It is believed that some fortifications and dépôts of arms and munitions, with harbor and navigation improvements at well-selected points upon these would be of great importance to the national defense and preservation.

INTERNAL COMMUNICATIONS.

I deem it of importance that the loyal regions of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina should be connected with Kentucky and other faithful parts of the Union by railroad; I therefore recommend, as a military measure, that Congress provide for the construction of such road as speedily as possible. Kentucky will no doubt co-operate, and, through her Legislature, make the most judicious selection of a line.

THE REVENUE.

The revenue from all sources, including loans for the financial year ending on the 30th of June, 1861, was \$86,835,900 27, and the expenditures for the same period, including payments on account of the public debt, were \$84,578,034 47, leaving a balance in the Treasury on the 1st of July of \$2,257,065 80 for the first quarter of the financial year ending on the 30th September, 1861. The receipts from all sources, including the balance of July 1, were \$102,532,509 27, and the expenses \$98,239,733 09, leaving a balance on the 1st of October, 1861, of \$4,292,776 18..... It is gratifying to know that the expenses made necessary by the rebellion are not beyond the resources of the loyal people, and to believe that the same patriotism which has thus far sustained the Government will continue to sustain it till peace and union shall again bless the land.

CLAIMS AGAINST REBELS.

One of the unavoidable consequences of the present insurrection is the entire suppression in many places of all ordinary means of administering civil justice by the officers and in the forms of existing law. This is the case, in whole or in part, in all the insurgent States, and as our armies advance upon and take possession of parts of those States, the practical evil becomes more apparent. There are no courts, nor officers to whom the citizens of other States may apply for the enforcement of their lawful claims against citizens of the insurgent States, and there is a vast amount of debt constituting such claims. Some have estimated it as high as \$200,000,000, due in large part from insurgents, in open rebellion, to loyal citizens who are even now making great sacrifices in the discharge of their patriotic duty to support the government. Under these circumstances I have been urgently solicited to establish by military power courts to administer summary justice in such cases. I have thus far declined to do it, not because I had any doubt that the end proposed—the collection of the debts—was just and right in itself, but because I have been unwilling to go beyond the pressure of necessity in the unusual exercise of power. But the powers of Congress, I suppose, are equal to the anomalous occasion; and therefore I refer the whole matter to Congress, with the hope that a plan may be devised for the administration of justice in all such parts of the insurgent States and Territories as may be under the control of this government, whether by a voluntary return to allegiance and order, or by the power of our arms; this, however, not to be a permanent institution but a temporary substitute, and to cease as soon as the ordinary courts can be re-established in peace.

CONTRABANDS.

Under and by virtue of the act of Congress, entitled an act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes, approved August 6, 1861, the legal claims of certain persons to the labor and services of certain other persons have become forfeited, and numbers of the latter, thus liberated, are already dependent on the United States, and must be provided for in the same way. Besides this, it is not impossible that some of the States will pass similar enactments for their own benefits respectively, and by the operation of which persons of the same class will be thrown upon them for disposal. In such case I recommend that Congress provide for accepting such persons from such States according to some mode of valuation in *lieu probanto* of direct taxes, or upon some other plan to be agreed with such States respectively, that such persons on such acceptance by the General Government be at once deemed free, and that in any event steps be taken for colonizing both classes, or the one first mentioned if the other shall not be brought into existence, at some place or places in a climate congenial to them. It might be well to consider, too, whether the free colored people already in the United States could not, so far as individuals may desire, be included in such colonization.

OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

In considering the policy to be adopted for suppressing the insurrection, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict for this purpose shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle. I have therefore, in every case, thought it proper to keep the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest on our part, leaving all questions which are not of vital military importance to the more deliberate action of the Legislature. In the exercise of my best discretion I have adhered to the blockade of the ports held by the insurgents instead of putting in force by proclamation the law of Congress enacted at the late session for closing those ports. So also obeying the dictates of prudence as well as the obligations of law, instead of transcending, I have adhered to the act of Congress to confiscate property, and for insurrectionary purposes. If a new law upon the same subject shall be proposed, its propriety will be duly considered. *The Union must be preserved*, and hence all dispensable means must be employed. We should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable.

THE BORDER STATES.

The insurgents confidently claimed a strong support from north of Mason and Dixon's line, and the friends of the Union were not free from apprehension on the point. This, however, was soon settled definitely, and on the right side. South of the line noble little Delaware led off right from the first. Maryland was made to seem against the Union, our soldiers were assaulted, bridges were burned, and railroads torn up within her limits, and we were many days at one time without the ability to bring a single regiment over her soil to the capital. Now her bridges and railroads are repaired and open to the Government. She already gives seven regiments to the cause of the Union, and none to the enemy, and her people at a regular election have sustained the Union by a larger majority, and a larger aggregate vote than they ever before gave to any candidate or any question. Kentucky, too, for some time in doubt, is now decidedly and, I think, unchangeably ranged on the side of the Union. Missouri is comparatively quiet, and I believe can not again be overrun by the insurrectionists. These three States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, neither of which would promise a single soldier at first, have now an aggregate of not less than 40,000 in the field for the Union. After a somewhat bloody struggle of months winter closes on the Union people of Western Virginia, leaving them masters of their own country.

SCOTT AND M'CLELLAN.

Lieutenant-General Scott has retired from the head of the army. During his long life the nation has not been unmindful of his merit; yet, on calling to mind how faithfully, ably, and brilliantly he has served the country from a time far back in our history when few of the now living had been born, and thence forward continually, I can not but think that we are still his debtor. I submit, therefore, for your consideration, what further mark of recognition is due to him and ourselves as a grateful people. With the retirement of General Scott came the executive duty of appointing in his stead a General-in-Chief of the army. It is a fortunate circumstance that neither in council nor country was there, so far as I know, any difference of opinion as to the proper person to be selected. The retiring chief repeatedly expressed his judgment in favor of General M'Clellan for the position, and in this the nation seemed to give a unanimous concurrence. The designation of General M'Clellan is, therefore, in a considerable degree, the selection of the country as well as of the Executive, and hence there is better reason to hope there will be given him the confidence and cordial support thus by fair implication promised, and without which he can not, with so full efficiency, serve the country.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Labor is prior to, and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital, producing mutual benefits. . . . . . In most of the Southern States a majority of the whole people of all colors are neither slaves nor masters, while in the Northern a large majority are neither hirers nor hired. . . . . There is not of necessity any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed for that condition of life. Many independent men every where in these States a few years back in their lives were hired laborers. The prudent, penniless beggar in the world labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools and land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of the condition to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them till all of liberty shall be lost.

THE OBJECT OF THE STRUGGLE.

From the first taking of our National census to the last are seventy years, and we find our population at the end of the period eight times as great as it was at the beginning. The increase of those other things which men deem desirable, has been even greater. We thus have, at one view, what the popular principle, applied to government, through the machinery of the States and the Union, has produced in a given time; and also what, if firmly maintained, it promises for the future. There are already among us those who, if the Union be preserved, will live to see it contain 250,000,000. The struggle of to-day is not altogether for to-day. It is for a vast future, also. With a firm reliance on Providence, all the more firm and earnest, let us proceed in the great task which events have devolved upon us.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

We give the following extracts from the Report of the Secretary of the Navy:

EMPLOYMENT OF FUGITIVES.

In the coastwise and blockading duties of the navy it has been not unfrequent that fugitives from insurrectionary places have sought our ships for refuge and protection, and our naval commanders have applied to me for instruction as to the proper disposition which should be made of such refugees. My answer has been that, if insurgents, they should be handed over to the custody of the Government; but if, on the contrary, they were free from any voluntary participation in the rebellion and sought the shelter and protection of our flag, then they should be cared for and employed in some useful manner and might be enlisted to serve on our public vessels or in our Navy-yards, receiving wages for their labor. If such employment could not be furnished to all by the navy, they might be referred to the army, and if no employment could be found for them in the public service they should be allowed to proceed freely and peaceably without restraint to seek a livelihood in any loyal portion of the country. This I have considered to be the whole required duty, in the premises, of our naval officers.

REBEL EMISSARIES.

Captain Charles Wilkes, in command of the *San Jacinto*, while cruising in the West Indies for the *Sumter*, received information that James M. Mason and John Slidell, disloyal citizens and leading conspirators, were with their suite to embark from Havana in the English steamer *Trent*, on their way to Europe to promote the cause of the insurgents. Cruising in the Bahama Channel he intercepted the *Trent* on the 8th of November, and took from her these dangerous men, whom he brought to the United States. His vessel having been ordered to refit for service at Charlestown, the prisoners were retained on board and conveyed to Fort Warren.

The prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes on this occasion merited and received the emphatic approval of the Department, and if a too generous forbearance was exhibited by him in not capturing the vessel which had these rebel emissaries on board, it may, in view of the special circumstances, and of its patriotic motives, be excused; but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the treatment of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations by foreign vessels engaged in commerce or the carrying trade.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

A naval force, auxiliary to and connected with the army movements on the Mississippi and its tributaries, has been organized, and is under the command of Flag-Officer Andrew H. Foote, who is rendering efficient service in that quarter.

The steamers which have been built or purchased for this service by the War Department are of a formidable character, and manned by a class of superior seamen and western boatmen, who, in the preliminary skirmishes already, have done good service, and will, I am confident, acquit themselves with credit in the future. Reports are appended exhibiting some of the operations of this command as auxiliary to the military movements on the Mississippi.

SINKING VESSELS.

One method of blockading the ports of the insurgent States, and interdicting communication as well as to prevent the egress of privateers which sought to depredate on our commerce, has been that of sinking in the channels vessels laden with stone. The first movement in this direction was on the North Carolina coast, where there are numerous inlets to Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and other interior waters, which afforded facilities for eluding the blockade, and also to the privateers. For this purpose a class of small vessels were purchased in Baltimore, some of which have been placed in Ocracoke Inlet.

Another and larger description of vessels were bought in the Eastern market, most of them such as were formerly employed in the whale fisheries. These were sent to obstruct the channels of Charleston harbor and the Savannah River; and this, if effectually done, will prove the most economical and satisfactory method of interdicting commerce at those points.

VESSELS CAPTURED.

Since the institution of the blockade one hundred and fifty-three vessels have been captured sailing under various flags, most of which were attempting to violate the blockade. With few exceptions, these vessels were in such condition when seized as to authorize their being sent at once to the courts for adjudication and condemnation as prizes.

THE FIGHT AT FORT PICKENS.

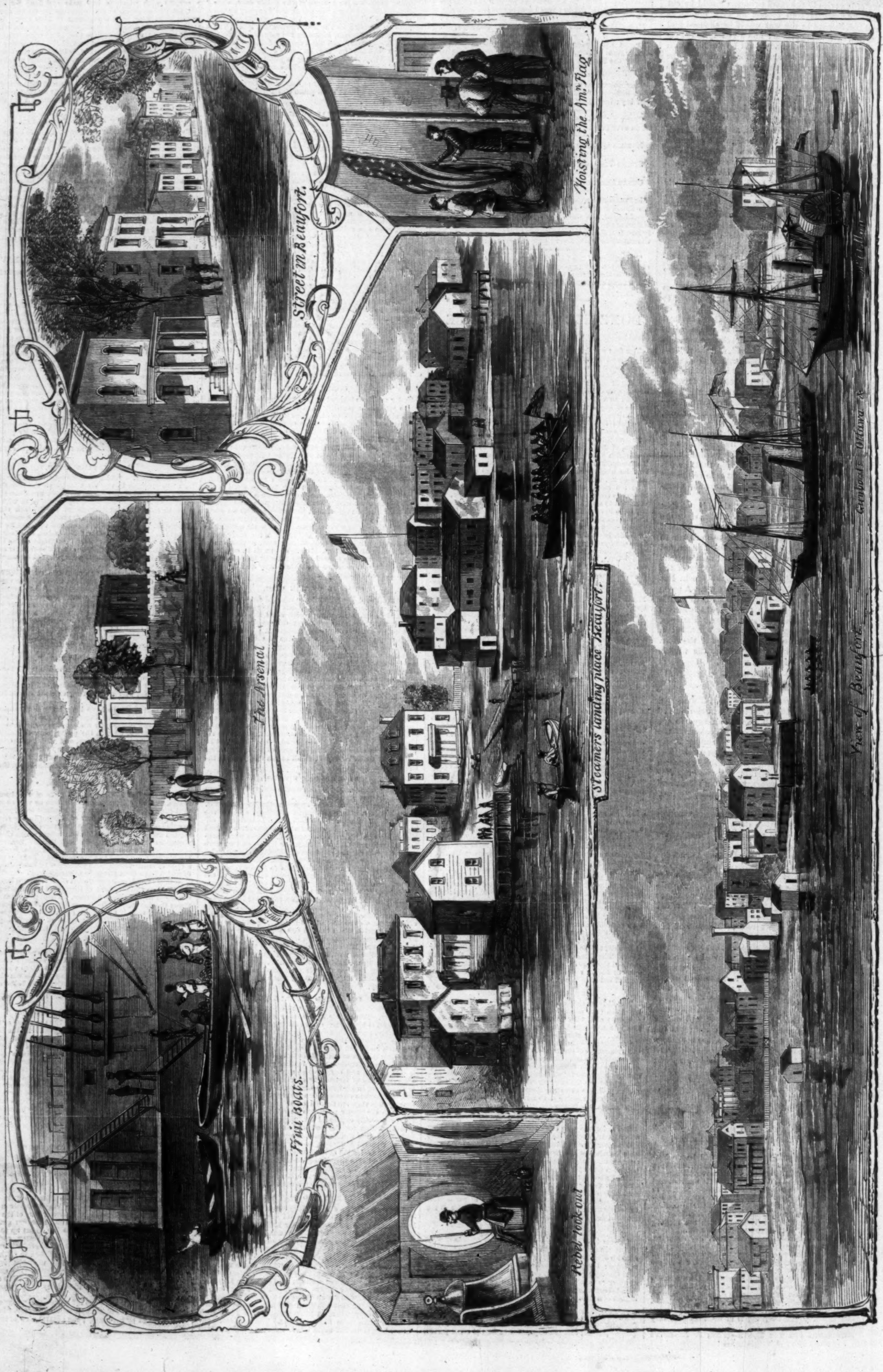
We illustrate on pages 792 and 793 the scene of the recent conflict at and around Fort Pickens. At the hour we write we are still without authentic advices from the scene of action. It appears certain, however, that on 19th Nov. fire was opened by Fort Pickens on the rebel works, and returned; that the mutual bombardment lasted all day, and was resumed the next; that after two or three days' firing both parties stopped the engagement, and that matters now remain as they were. There are reports that Pensacola has been evacuated, and the Navy-yard burned—but nothing certain is known on these points. The commander of the rebel forces is General Bragg, who is supposed to have seven or eight thousand men; the commander of Fort Pickens is Colonel Harvey Brown, who has sixteen hundred men under his command.

THE OCCUPATION OF TYBEE.

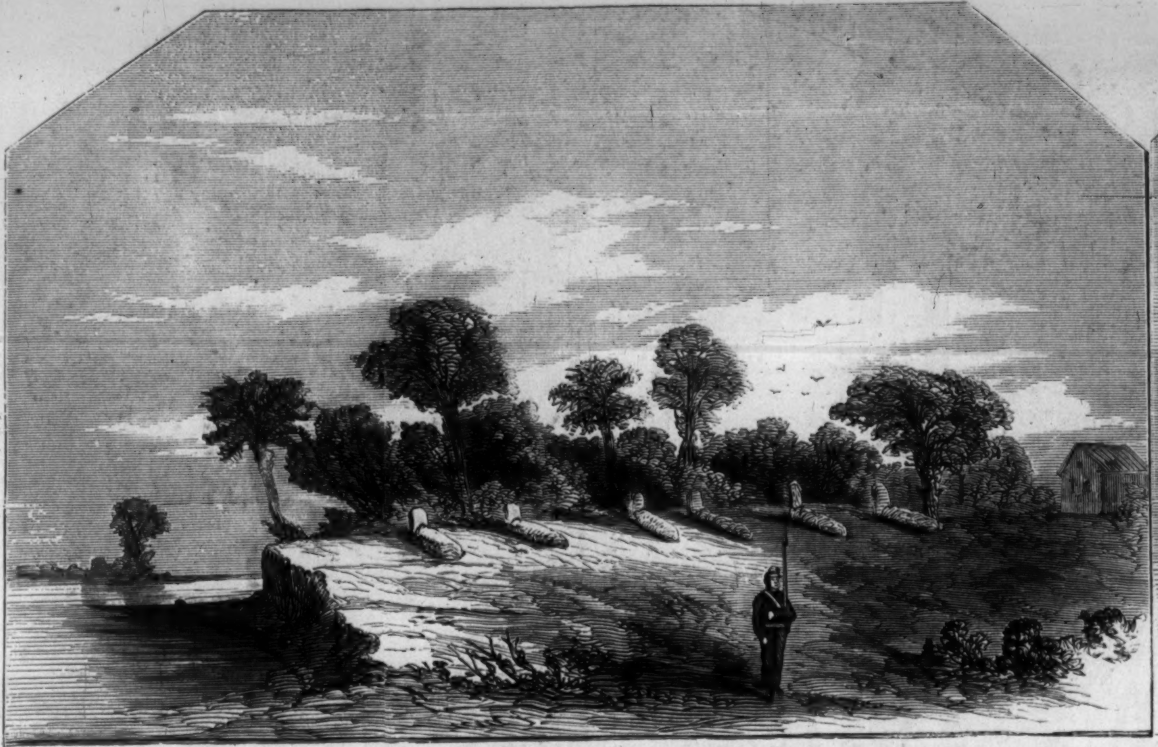
Commodore Dupont last week transferred his flag from the *Wabash* to the *Susquehannah*, and, together with General Sherman, landed a force of United States marines on Tybee Island, who commenced repairing the fortifications and constructing new ones. A fleet of eight gunboats is at anchor off Tybee to cover the troops in case of necessity. The rebels sunk two vessels between Tybee Island and Fort Pulaski, in the narrow part of the Savannah River channel, to prevent the fleet from getting to that city. A small schooner has been sent up to one of the islands above Hilton Head to load cotton, and would sail in a few days, by order of the naval authorities.

An account from Savannah is published in a Richmond paper to the effect that, on the 26th ultimo, Commodore Tatnall, with three small rebel steamers and one gun-boat, attacked the Union fleet in Cockspur Roads. The engagement lasted one hour, and from forty to fifty shots were exchanged.

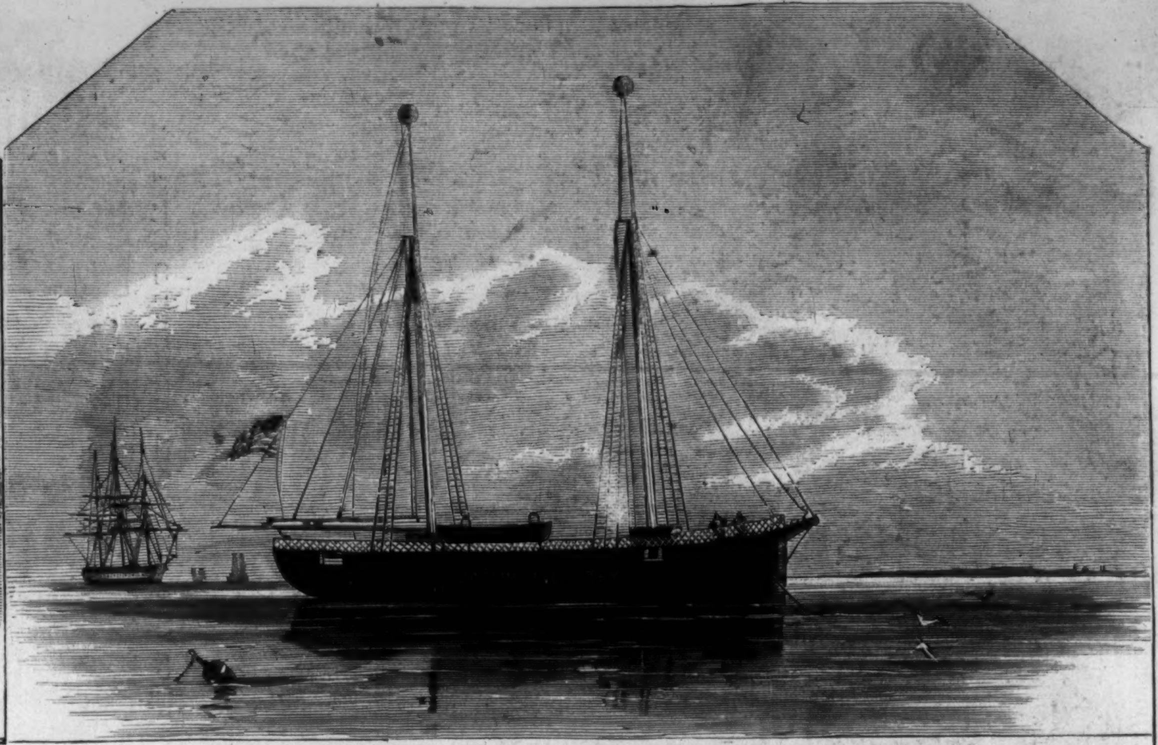
Our illustrations on page 797 represent a reconnoissance made toward Fort Pulaski by General Sherman, when they were fired at by the enemy; the general view of the coast, etc.



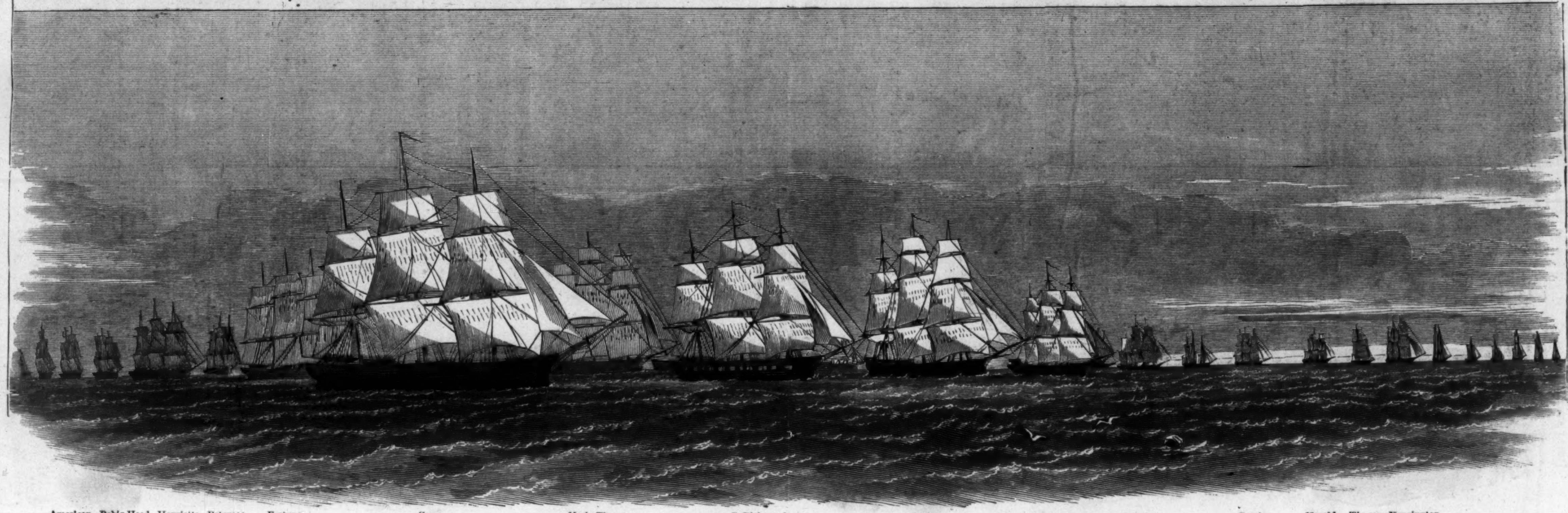
SCENES IN AND AROUND BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 799.]



Burial place of those killed at Hilton Head

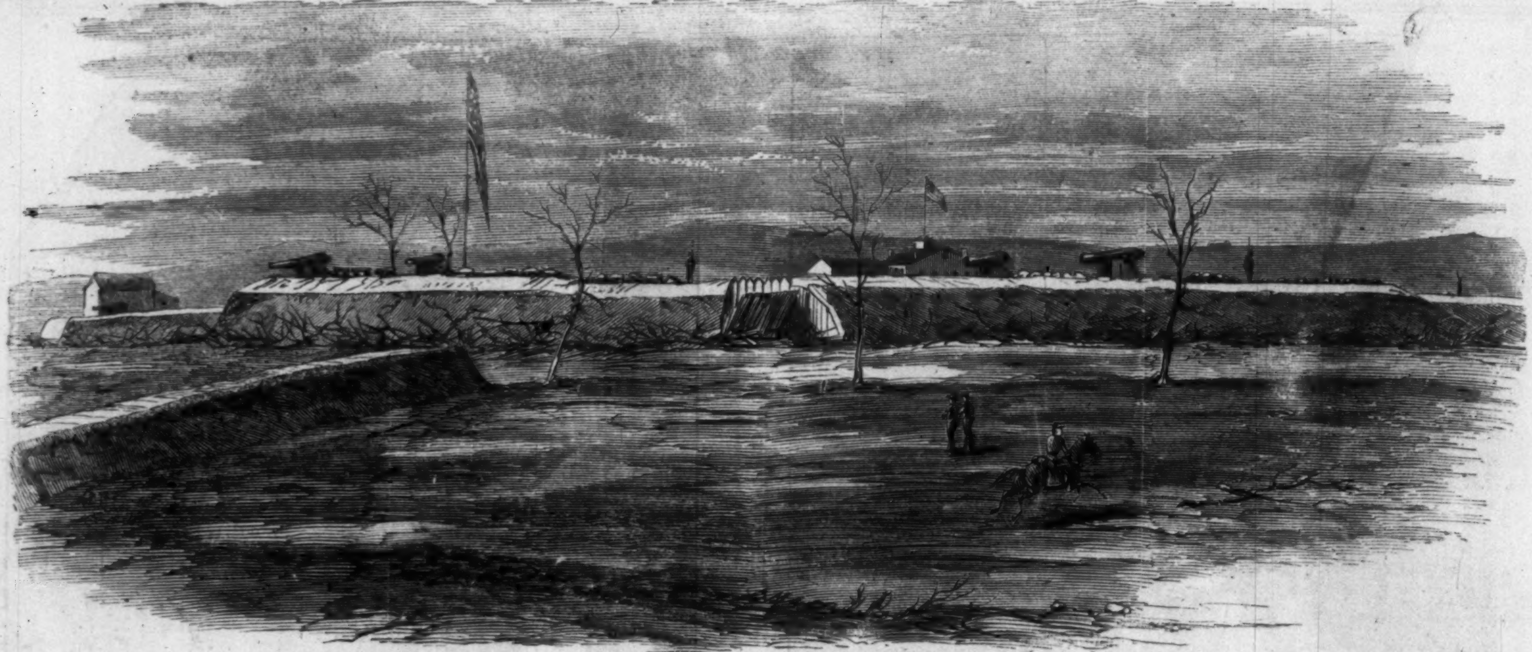


The new Light Ship off Martins Industry, entrance of Port Royal harbor

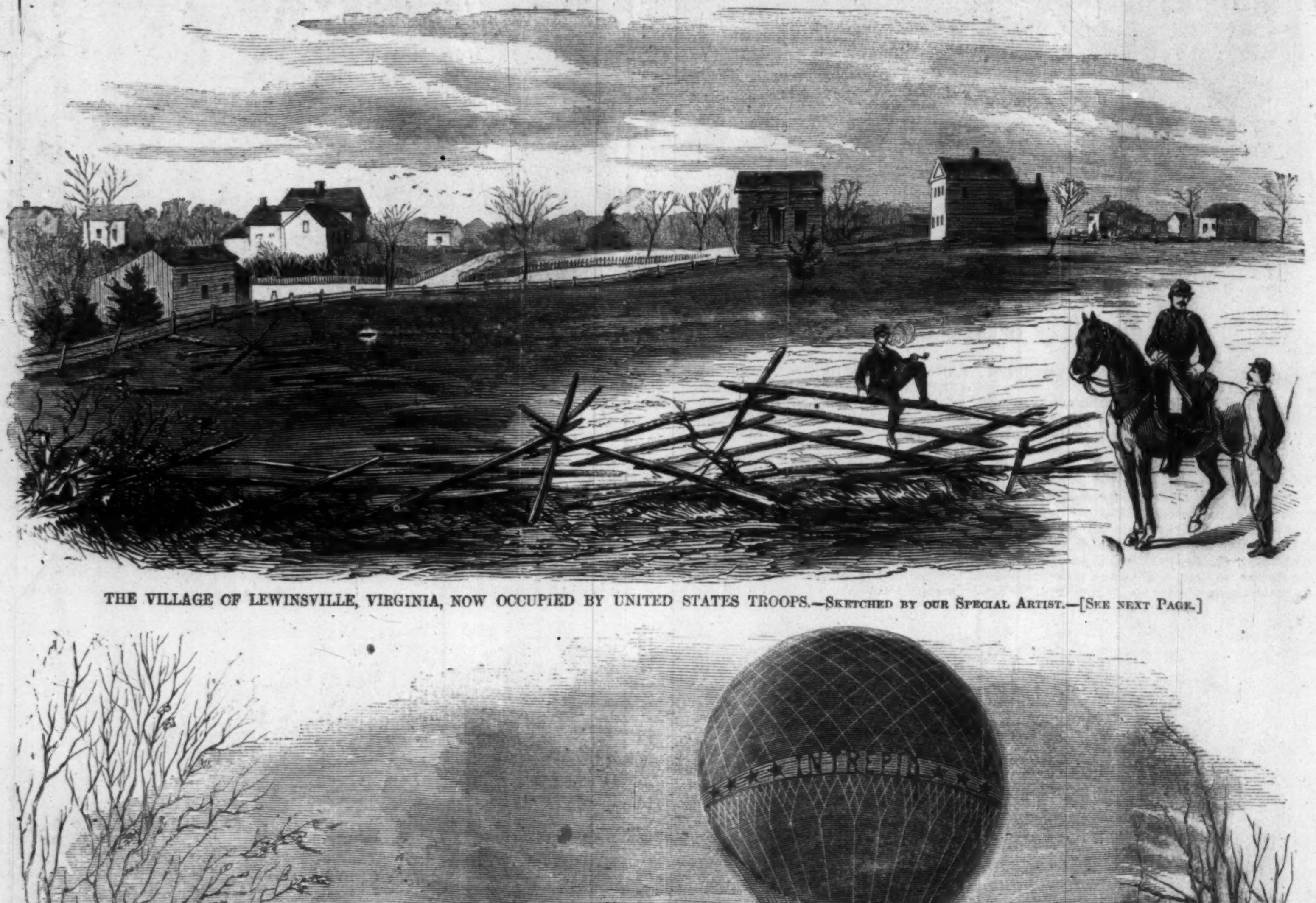


American. Robin Hood. Henrietta. Potomac. Fortune. Ceres. Maria Theresa. L. C. Richmond. Archer. Leonidas. S. America. Courier. Herald. Timoor. Kensington.

THE STONE FLEET ON ITS WAY TO THE SOUTHERN COAST.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

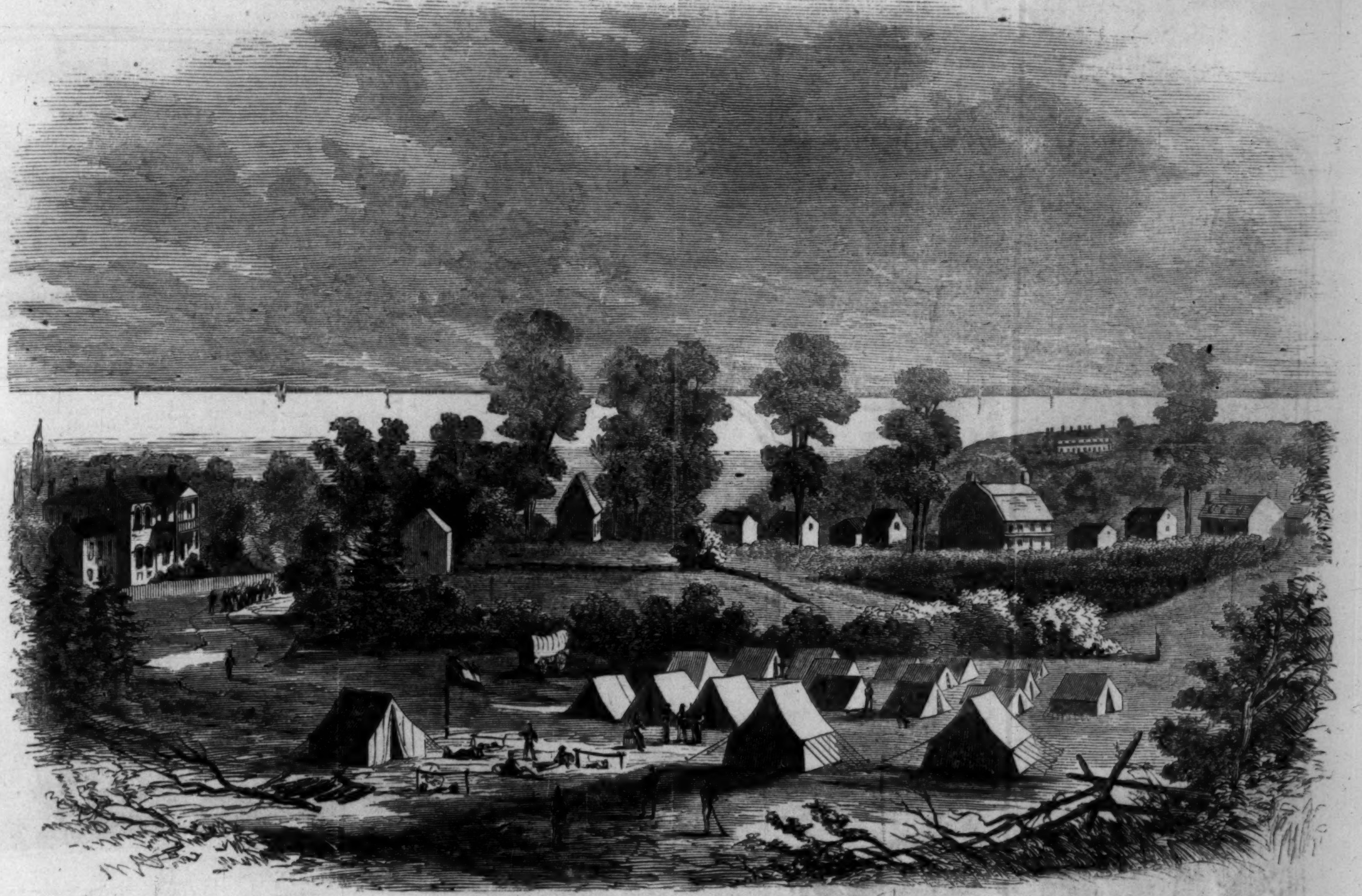


FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE VILLAGE OF LEWINSVILLE, VIRGINIA, NOW OCCUPIED BY UNITED STATES TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PROFESSOR LOWE MAKING A BALLOON ASCENSION ON A RECONNOITRING EXPEDITION TO VIENNA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



VIEW OF URBANNA, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

OUR artist at Washington has sent us some more sketches, which we reproduce on page 790. One of them gives a fair idea of the village of LEWINSVILLE, which has been the scene of several sharp skirmishes, and is now in possession of our troops—a miserable, broken-down village, very Virginian in aspect. Another introduces us to the famous FORT CORCORAN, built by the soldiers of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, under Colonel Corcoran, before the Battle of Bull Run. It is situate on the property of the rebel General Lee, on Arlington Heights, and commands a wide extent of country. A third picture shows us PROFESSOR LOWE MAKING AN ASCENT IN HIS BALLOON on a reconnoitring expedition from General Smith's Division, in the vicinity of Vienna. Balloons now accompany almost all reconnoitring parties, and prove a valuable assistance.

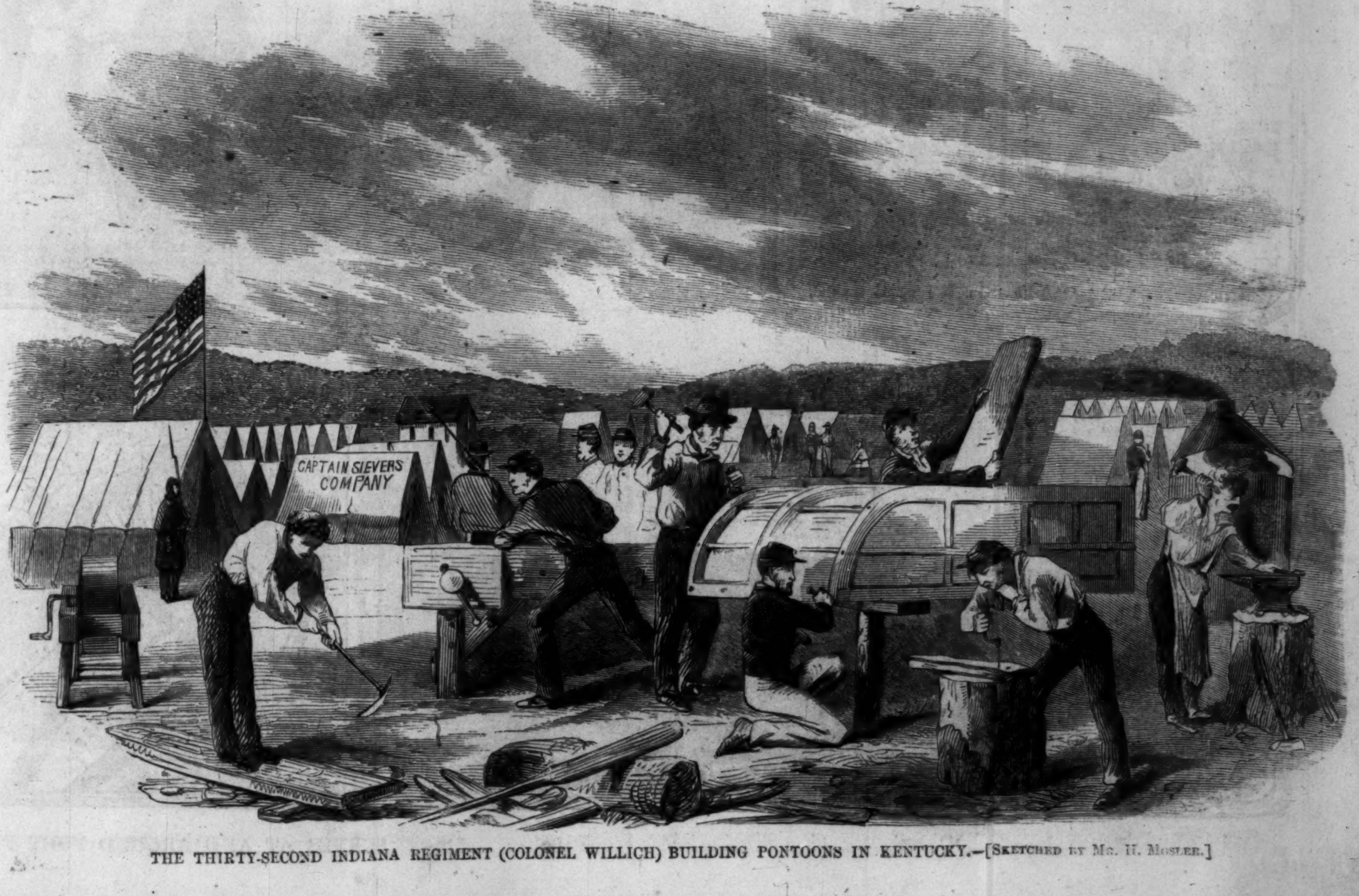
BUILDING PONTOONS.

WE publish on this page an illustration of the CONSTRUCTION OF PONTOONS for the army in Kentucky, from a sketch by Mr. H. Mosler. The pontoons in our picture are being built by the Thirty-second Indiana Regiment, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Pietzuch, a Pole, who has seen service abroad, and is now attached to this regiment. They are to be used as wagon-beds, and are made to fit the United States army wagons. The Thirty-second Indiana Regiment is one of the best drilled in the service. It is composed almost exclusively of Germans, and is commanded by Colonel Willich, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth Ohio.

URBANNA.

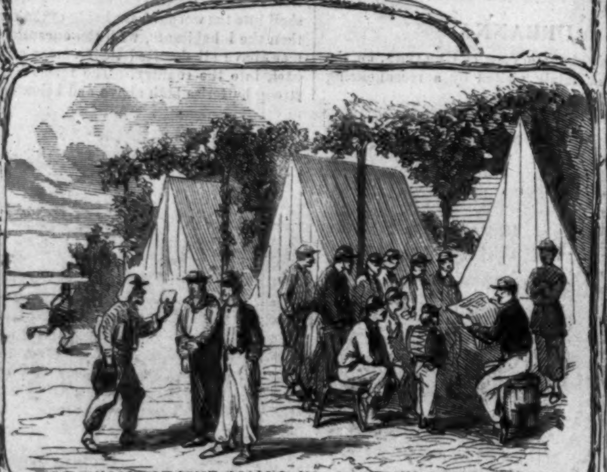
WE publish above a View of URBANNA, on the Rappahannock, lately visited by a reconnoitring party from Fortress Monroe.

Urbanna is a small village near the mouth of the Rappahannock River, in Middlesex County, Virginia. It was formerly a place of some note, but has now dwindled into almost insignificance. The bricks composing some of the houses were brought from England more than a hundred and fifty years ago. It boasts one store, a church, and a school-house; the two last have been converted into lodgings for the soldiers now quartered there. Some time ago the *Harriet Lane* came up and threw a few shell into the woods on the banks of the river; since then the inhabitants, with the exception of a few men, have all deserted their homes and gone far back into the country. The rebels have erected strong batteries both above and below the village.

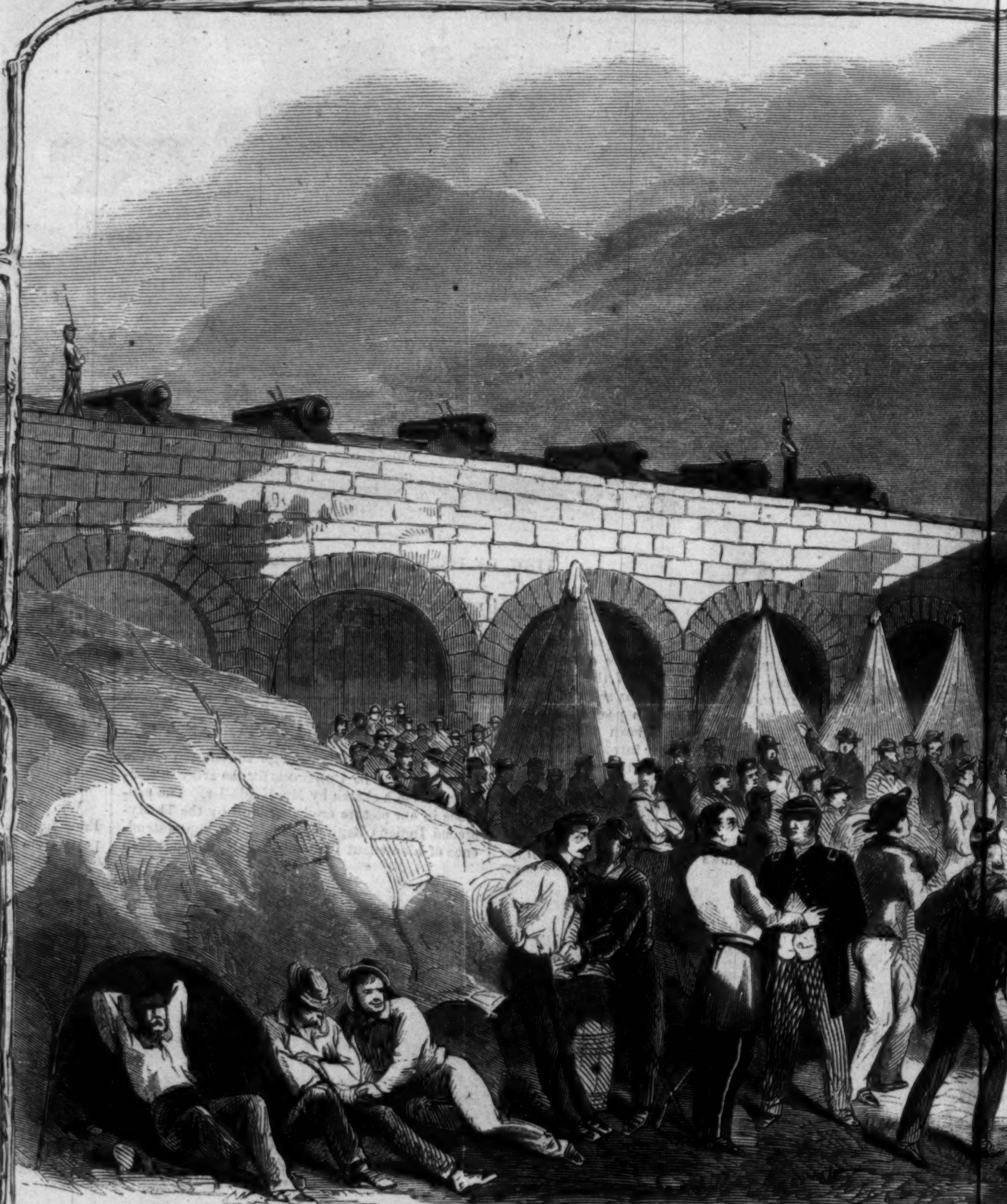


THE THIRTY-SECOND INDIANA REGIMENT (COLONEL WILLICH) BUILDING PONTOONS IN KENTUCKY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]

ZOUAVES AWAITING THE REBELS BEHIND THE TRENCHES



ARRIVAL OF THE MAILS IN COL. WILSONS CAMP.



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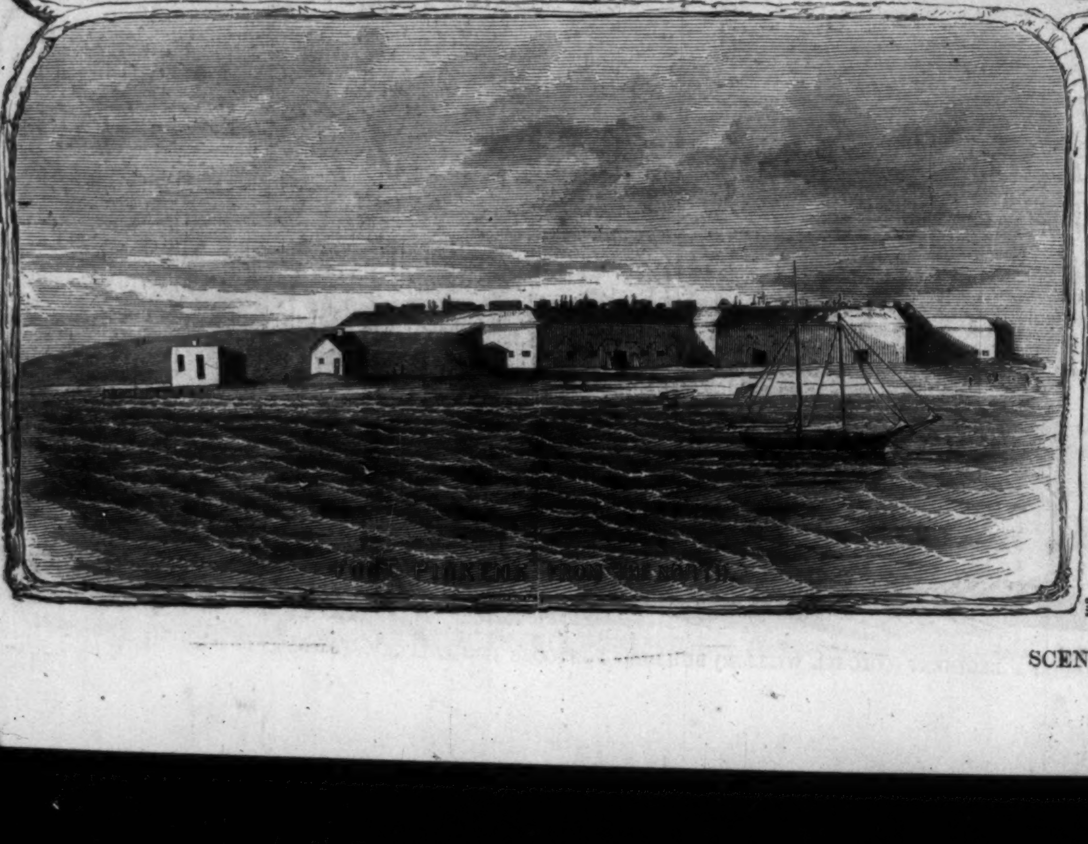
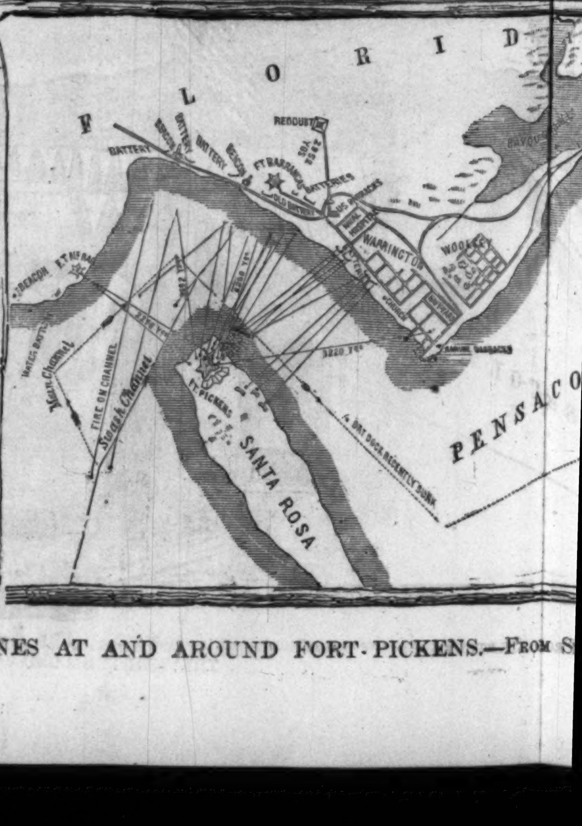
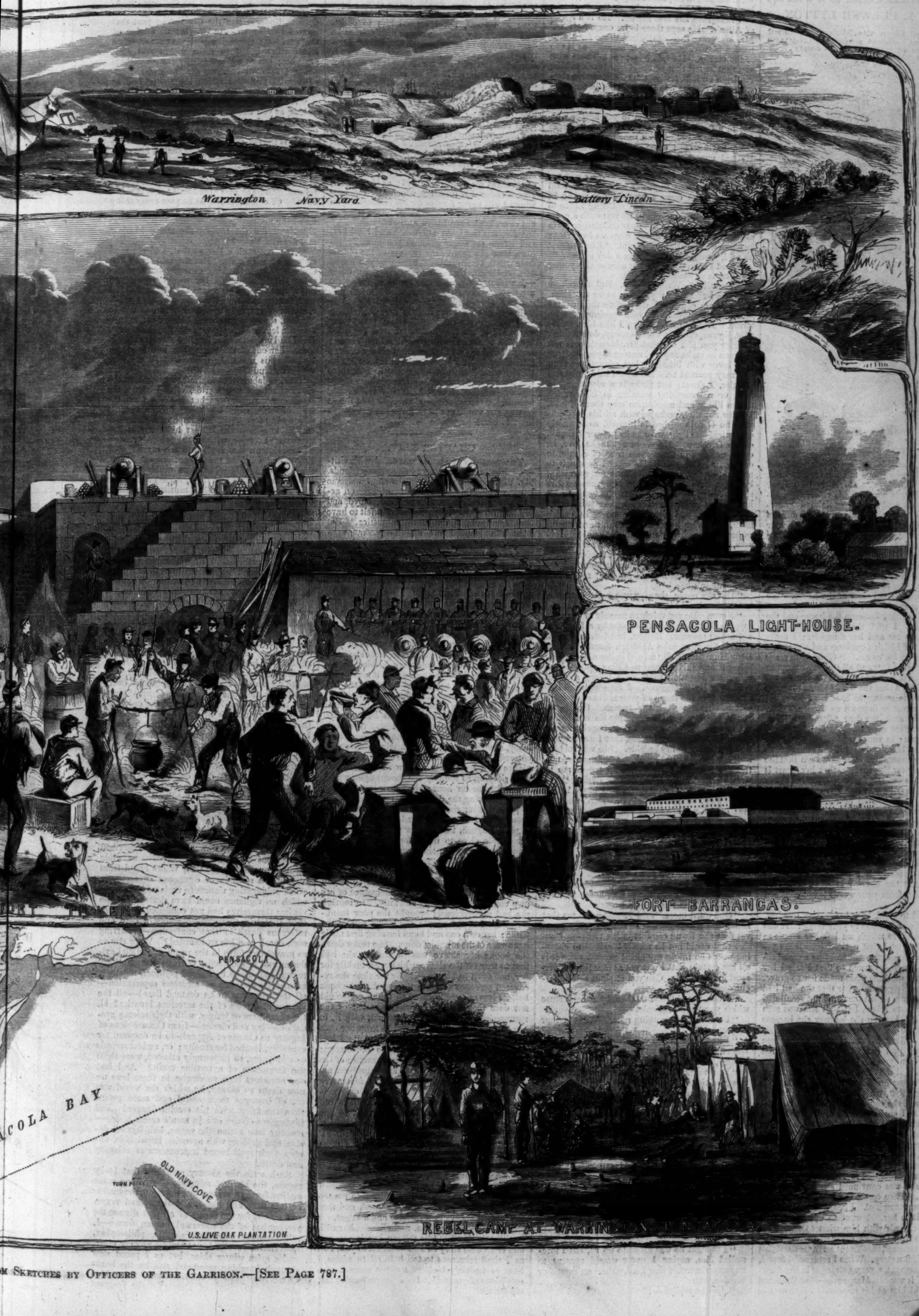




SCENES AT AND AROUND FORT-PICKENS.—From S



m Sketches by Officers of the Garrison.—[See Page 787.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XLIII.

I was just outside the garden-door when I felt an arm thrown round me, my cheek kissed, and wetted with tears. Could it be Lilian? Alas, no! It was her mother's voice, that, between laughing and crying, exclaimed hysterically, "This is joy, to see you again, and on these thresholds! I have just come from your house; I went there on purpose to congratulate you, and to talk to you about Lilian. But you have seen her?"

"Yes; I have but this moment left her. Come this way." I drew Mrs. Ashleigh back into the garden, along the old winding walk, which the shrubs concealed from view of the house. We sat down on a rustic seat, where I had often sat with Lilian, midway between the house and the Monks' Well. I told the mother what had passed between me and her daughter; I made no complaint of Lilian's coldness and change; I did not hint at its cause. "Girls of her age will change," said I; "and all that now remains is for you and I to agree on such a tale to our curious neighbors that the whole blame may rest on me. Man is strong to bear such burdens; they should never be imposed on women."

"Do not be rash, my dear Allen," said Mrs. Ashleigh, in great distress. "I feel for you, I understand you; in your case I might act as you do. I can not blame you. Lilian is changed—changed unaccountably. Yet sure I am that the change is only on the surface, that her heart is really yours, as entirely and as faithfully as ever it was; and that later, when she recovers from the strange, dreamy kind of torpor which appears to have come over all her faculties and all her affections, she would awake with a despair which you can not conjecture to the knowledge that you had renounced her."

"I have not renounced her," said I, impatiently. "I did but restore her freedom of choice. But pass by this now, and explain to me more fully the change in your daughter, which I gather from your words is not confined to me."

"I wished to speak of it before you saw her, and for that reason came to your house. It was on the morning in which we left her aunt's to return hither that I first noticed something peculiar in her look and manner. She seemed absorbed and absent, so much so that I asked her several times to tell me what made her so grave, but I could only get from her that she had had a confused dream which she could not recall distinctly enough to relate, but that she was sure it boded evil. During the journey she became gradually more herself, and began to look forward with delight to the idea of seeing you again. Well, you came that evening. What passed between you and her you know best. You complained that she slighted your request to shun all acquaintance with Mr. Margrave. I was surprised that, whether your wish were reasonable or not, she could have hesitated to comply with it. I spoke to her about it after you had gone, and she wept bitterly at thinking she had displeased you."

"She wept! You amaze me! Yet the next day what a note she returned to mine!"

"The next day the change in her became very visible to me. She told me, in an excited manner, that she was convinced she ought not to marry you. Then came, the following day, the news of your committal. I heard of it, but dared not break it to her. I went to our friend, the mayor, to consult with him what to say, what do, and to learn more distinctly than I had done from terrified, incoherent servants the rights of so dreadful a story. When I returned I found, to my amazement, a young stranger in the drawing-room; it was Mr. Margrave—Miss Brabazon had brought him at his request. Lilian was in the room too, and my astonishment was increased when she said to me, with a singular smile, vague but tranquil: 'I know all about Allen Fenwick; Mr. Margrave has told me all. He is a friend of Allen's. He says there is no cause for fear.' Mr. Margrave then apologized to me for his intrusion in a caressing, kindly manner, as if one of the family. He said he was so intimate with you that he felt that he could best break to Miss Ashleigh an information she might receive elsewhere, for that he was the only man in the town who treated the charge with ridicule. You know the wonderful charm of this young man's manner. I can not explain to you how it was, but in a few moments I was as much at home with him as if he had been your brother. To be brief, having once come, he came constantly. He had moved, two days before you went to Derval Court, from his hotel to apartments in Mr. ——'s house, just opposite. We could see him on his balcony from our terrace; he would smile to us and come across. I did wrong in slighting your injunction, and suffering Lilian to do so. I could not help it, he was such a comfort to me—to her, too—in our tribulation. He alone had no doleful words, wore no long face; he alone was invariably cheerful. 'Every thing,' he said, 'would come right in a day or two.'"

"And Lilian could not but admire this young man, he is so beautiful."

"Beautiful? Well, perhaps. But if you have a jealous feeling you were never more mistaken. Lilian, I am convinced, does more than dislike him; he has inspired her with repugnance, with terror. And much as I own I like him, in his wild, joyous, careless, harmless way, do not think I flatter you if I say that Mr. Margrave is not the man to make any girl untrue to you—untrue to a lover with infinitely less advantages than you may pretend to. He would be a universal favorite, I grant; but there is a something in him, or a something wanting in him, which makes liking and admiration stop short of love. I know not why, perhaps, with all his good-humor, he is so absorbed in himself, so intensely egotistical—so light, were he less clever I should say so frivolous. He could not make love, he could not say, in the serious tone of a man in earnest, 'I love you.' He owned as much to me, and owned, too, that he knew not even what love was. As to myself—Mr. Margrave appears rich. No whisper against his character or his honor ever reached me. Yet were you out of the question, and were there no stain on his birth, nay, were he as high in rank and wealth as he is favored by nature in personal advantages, I confess I could never consent to trust him with my daughter's fate. A voice at my heart would cry 'No!' It may be an unreasonable prejudice, but I could not bear to see him touch Lilian's hand."

"Did she never, then—never suffer him even to take her hand?"

"Never. Do not think so meanly of her as to suppose that she could be caught by a fair face, a graceful manner. Reflect, just before she had refused for your sake Ashleigh Sumner, whom Lady Haughton said 'no girl in her senses could refuse;' and this change in Lilian really began before we returned to L——; before she had even seen Mr. Margrave. I am convinced it is something in the reach of your skill as physician—it is on the nerves, the system. I will give you a proof of what I say, only do not betray me to her. It was during your imprisonment, the night before your release, that I was awaked by her coming to my bedside. She was sobbing as if her heart would break. 'Oh, mother, mother!' she cried, 'pity me, help me—I am so wretched!' 'What is the matter, darling?' 'I have been so cruel to Allen, and I know I shall be so again. I can not help it. Don't question me; only if we are separated, if he cast me off, or I reject him, tell him some day—perhaps when I am in my grave—not to believe appearances; and that I, in my heart of hearts, never ceased to love him!'"

"She said that! You are not deceiving me?"

"Oh no; how can you think so?"

"There is hope still," I murmured; and I bowed my head upon my hands, hot tears forcing way through the clasped fingers.

"One word more," said I; "you tell me that Lilian has a repugnance to this Margrave, and yet that she found comfort in his visits—a comfort that could not be wholly ascribed to cheering words he might say about myself, since it is all but certain that I was not at that time uppermost in her mind. Can you explain this apparent contradiction?"

"I can not, otherwise than by a conjecture which you would ridicule."

"I can ridicule nothing now. What is your conjecture?"

"I know how much you disbelieve in the stories one hears of animal magnetism and electro-biology, otherwise—"

"You think that Margrave exercises some power of that kind over Lilian? Has he spoken of such a power?"

"Not exactly; but he said that he was sure Lilian possessed a faculty that he called by some hard name, not clairvoyance, but a faculty which, he said, when I asked him to explain, was akin to prevision—to second sight. Then he talked of the Priestesses who had administered the ancient oracles. Lilian, he said, reminded him of them, with her deep eyes and mysterious smile."

"And Lilian heard him? What said she?"

"Nothing; she seemed in fear while she listened."

"He did not offer to try any of those arts practiced by professional mesmerists and other charlatans?"

"I thought he was about to do so, but I forestalled him, saying I never would consent to any experiment of that kind, either on myself or my daughter."

"And he replied—?"

"With his gay laugh, that I was very foolish; that a person possessed of such a faculty as he attributed to Lilian, would, if the faculty were developed, be an invaluable adviser. He would have said more, but I begged him to desist. Still I fancy at times—do not be angry—that he does somehow or other bewitch her, unconsciously to herself; for she always knows when he is coming. Indeed I am not sure that he does not bewitch myself, for I by no means justify my conduct in admitting him to an intimacy so familiar, and in spite of your wish; I have reproached myself, resolved to shut my door on him, or to show by my manner that his visits were unwelcome; yet when Lilian has said, in the drowsy, lethargic tone which has come into her voice (her voice naturally earnest and impressive, though always low), 'Mother, he will be here in two minutes—I wish to leave the room and can not'—I, too, have felt as if something constrained me against my will; as if, in short, I were under that influence which Mr. Vigors—whom I will never forgive for his conduct to you—would ascribe to mesmerism. But will you not come in and see Lilian again?"

"No, not to-night; but watch and heed her, and if you see aught to make you honestly believe that she regrets the rupture of the old tie from which I have released her—why you know, Mrs. Ashleigh, that—that—" My voice failed—I wrung the good woman's hand, and went my way.

I had always till then considered Mrs. Ashleigh—if not as Mrs. Poyntz described her—"commonplace weak"—still of an intelligence somewhat below mediocrity. I now regarded her with respect as well as grateful tenderness; her plain sense had divined what all my boasted knowledge had failed to detect in my earlier intimacy with Margrave—viz., that in him there was a something present, or a something wanting, which forbade love and excited fear. Young, beautiful, wealthy, seemingly blameless in life as he was, she would not have given her daughter's hand to him!

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE next day my house was filled with visitors. I had no notion that I had so many friends. Mr. Vigors wrote me a generous and handsome letter, owning his prejudices against me on account of his sympathy with poor Dr. Lloyd, and begging my pardon for what he now felt to have been harshness, if not distorted justice. But what most moved me was the entrance of Strahan, who rushed up to me with the heartiness of old college days. "Oh, my dear Allen, can you ever forgive me; that I should have disbelieved, suspected you of abstracting my poor cousin's memoir?"

"Is it found, then?"

"Oh yes; you must thank Margrave. He, clever fellow, you know, came to me on a visit yesterday. He put me at once on the right scent. Only guess; but you never can! It was that wretched old housekeeper who purloined the manuscript. You remember she came into the room while you were looking at the memoir. She heard us talk about it; her curiosity was roused; she longed to know the history of her old master, under his own hand; she could not sleep; she heard me go up to bed; she thought you might leave the book on the table when you too went to rest. She stole down stairs, peeped through the key-hole of the lobby, saw you asleep, the book lying before you, entered, took the book away softly, meant to glance at its contents and to return it. You were sleeping so soundly she thought you would not wake for an hour; she carried it into the library, leaving the door open, and there began to pore over it; she stumbled first on one of the passages in Latin; she hoped to find some part in plain English, turned over the leaves, putting her candle close to them, for the old woman's eyes were dim, when she heard you make some sound in your sleep. Alarmed, she looked round; you were moving uneasily in your seat, and muttering to yourself. From watching you she was soon diverted by the consequence of her own confounded curiosity and folly. In moving she had unconsciously brought the poor manuscript close to the candle, the leaves caught the flame; her own cap and hand burning first made her aware of the mischief done. She threw down the book; her sleeve was in flames; she had first to tear off the sleeve, which was, luckily for her, not sewn to her dress. By the time she recovered presence of mind to attend to the book half its leaves were reduced to tinder. She did not dare then to replace what was left of the manuscript on your table; returned, with it, to her room, hid it, and resolved to keep her own secret. I should never have guessed it; I had never even spoken to her on the occurrence; but when I talked over the disappearance of the book to Margrave last night, and expressed my disbelief of your story, he said, in his merry way: 'But do you think Fenwick the only person curious about your cousin's odd ways and strange history? Why, every servant in the household would have been equally curious. You have examined your servants, of course?' 'No, I never thought of it.' 'Examine them now, then. Examine especially that old housekeeper. I observe a great change in her manner since I came here, weeks ago, to look over the house. She has something on her mind—I see it in her eyes.' Then it occurred to me too that the woman's manner had altered, and that she seemed always in a tremble and a fidget. I went at once to her room, and charged her with stealing the book. She fell on her knees, and told the whole story as I have told it to you, and as I shall take care to tell it to all to whom I have so foolishly blabbed my yet more foolish suspicions of yourself. But can you forgive me, old friend?"

"Heartily, heartily! And the book is burned?"

"See!" and he produced the mutilated manuscript. Strange, the part burned—reduced indeed to tinder—was the concluding part that related to Haroun—to Grayle; no vestige of that part left; the earlier portions were scorched and mutilated, but in some places still decipherable; but as my eye hastily ran over these places I saw but mangled sentences of the experimental problems which the writer had so minutely elaborated.

"Will you keep the manuscript as it is, and as long as you like?" said Strahan.

"No, no; I will have nothing more to do with it. Consult some other man of science. And so this is the old woman's whole story? No accomplice—none? No one else shared her curiosity and her task?"

"No. Oddly enough though, she made use of something like the excuse made by that dreadful madman; she said 'the Devil put it into her head.' Of course he did, as he puts every thing wicked into any one's head. That does not mend the matter."

"How! did she too say she saw a Shadow and heard a Voice?"

"No; not such a liar as that, and not mad enough for such a lie. But she said that when she was in bed, thinking over the book, something irresistible urged her to get up and go down into the study; swore she felt something lead her by the hand; swore, too, that when she first discovered the manuscript was not in English, something whispered in her ear to turn over the leaves and approach them to the candle. But I had no patience to listen to all this rubbish. I sent her out of the house, bag and baggage. But alas! is this to be the end of all my wise cousin's grand discoveries?"

True, of labors that aspired to bring into the chart of science new worlds, of which even the traditionary rumor was but a voice from the land of fable, naught left but broken vestiges of a daring footstep! The hope of a name imperishable amidst the loftiest hierarchy of Nature's secret temple, with all the pomp of recorded experiment, that applied to the mysteries of Egypt and Chaldea the inductions of Bacon, the tests of Liebig—was there nothing left of this but what, here and there, some puzzled student might extract, garbled, mutilated, perhaps unintelligible, from shreds of sentences, wrecks of problems? O mind of man, can the works on which thou wouldst found immortality below be annulled into smoke and tinder by an inch of candle in the hand of an old woman!

When Strahan left me, I went out, but not yet to visit patients. I stole through by-paths into the fields; I needed solitude to bring my thoughts into some shape and order. What was delusion, and what not?—was I right or the public? Was Margrave really the most innocent and serviceable of human beings, kindly, affectionate, employing a wonderful acuteness for benignant ends? Was I, in truth, indebted to him for the greatest boon one man can bestow on another? For life rescued, for fair name justified? Or had he, by some demoniac sorcery, guided the hand of the murderer against the life of the person who alone could imperil his own? had he, by the same dark spells, urged the woman to the act that had destroyed the only record of his monstrous being—the only evidence that I was not the sport of an illusion in the horror with which he inspired me?

But if the latter supposition could be admissible, did he use his agents only to betray them afterward to exposure, and that without any possible clew to his own detection as the instigator? Then there came over me confused recollections of tales of medieval witchcraft which I had read in boyhood. Were there on judicial record attestations and evidence, solemn and circumstantial, of powers analogous to those now exercised by Margrave? Of sorcerers instigating to sin through influences ascribed to Demons—making their apparitions glide through guarded walls, their voices heard from afar in the solitude of dungeons or monastic cells? subjugating victims to their will by means which no vigilance could have detected, if the victims themselves had not confessed the witchcraft that had ensnared—courting a sure and infamous death in that confession—preferring such death to a life so haunted? Were stories so gravely set forth in the pomp of judicial evidence, and in the history of times comparatively recent, indeed, to be massed pell-mell together, as a *moles indigesta* of senseless superstition—all the witnesses to be deemed liars?—all the victims and tools of the sorcerers lunatics? all the examiners or judges, with their solemn gradations—lay and clerical—from Commissions of Inquiry to Courts of Appeal—to be despised for credulity, loathed for cruelty; or, amidst records so numerous, so imposingly attested, were there the fragments of a terrible truth? And had our ancestors been so unwise in those laws we now deem so savage, by which the world was ... of scourges more awful and more potent than the felon with his candid dagger? Fell instigators of the evil in men's secret hearts—shaping into action the vague, half-formed desire, and guiding with agencies, impalpable, unseen, their spell-bound instruments of calamity and death.

Such were the gloomy questions that I—by repute, the sternest advocate of common sense against fantastic errors; by profession, the searcher into flesh and blood, and tissue, and nerve, and sinew, for the causes of all that disease the mechanism of the universal human frame—I, self-boasting physician, skeptic, philosopher, materialist, revolved, not amidst gloomy pines, under grim winter skies, but as I paced slow through laughing meadows, and by the banks of merry streams, in the ripeness of the golden August; the hum of insects in the fragrant

grass, the flutter of birds amidst the delicate green of boughs checkered by playful sunbeams and gentle shadows, and even in sight of the resorts of busy work-day man. Walls, roof-tops, church-spires rising high. There, white and modern, the handwriting of our race, in this practical nineteenth century, on its square plain masonry and Doric shafts, the Town Hall, central in the animated market-place. And I—I—prying into long-neglected corners and dust-holes of memory for what my reason had flung there as worthless rubbish; reviving the jargon of French law, in the *procès verbal*, against a Gille de Retz or an Urbain Grandier, and sifting the equity of sentences on witchcraft!

Bursting the links of this ghastly soliloquy with a laugh at my own folly, I struck into a narrow path that led back toward the city by a quiet and rural suburb; the path wound on through a wide and solitary church-yard at the base of the Abbey-hill. Many of the former dwellers on that eminence now slept in the lowly burial-ground at its foot. And the place, mournfully decorated with the tombs which still jealously mark distinctions of rank amidst the leveling democracy of the grave, was kept trim with the care which comes half from piety and half from pride.

I seated myself on a bench, placed between the clipped yew-trees that bordered the path from the entrance to the church-porch, deeming vaguely that my own perplexing thoughts might imbibe a quiet from the quiet of the place.

"And oh," I murmured to myself, "oh that I had one bosom friend to whom I might freely confide all these torturing riddles which I can not solve—one who could read my heart, assured of its truthfulness, and wise enough to enlighten its troubles!"

And as I so murmured my eye fell upon the form of a kneeling child. At the farthest end of the burial-ground, beside a grave with its new head-stone gleaming white amidst the older moss-grown tombs, a female child, her head bowed, her hands clasped. I could see but the outline of the small form in its sable dress—an infant beside the dead.

My eye and my thoughts were turned from that silent figure, too absorbed in my own restless tumult of doubt and dread for sympathy with the grief or the consolation of a kneeling child. And yet I should have remembered that tomb! Again I murmured with a fierce impatience, "Oh for a bosom friend in whom I could confide!"

I heard steps on the walks under the yews; and an old man came in sight, slightly bent, with long gray hair, but still with enough of vigor for years to come—in his tread, firm though slow—in the unshrunken muscle of his limbs and the steady light of his clear blue eye. I started. Was it possible? That countenance, marked, indeed, with the lines of laborious thought, but sweet in the mildness of humanity, and serene in the peace of conscience!—I could not be mistaken. Julius Faber was before me. The profound pathologist, to whom my own proud self-esteem acknowledged inferiority, without humiliation; the generous benefactor to whom I owed my own smoothed entrance into the arduous road of fame and fortune. I had longed for a friend, a confidant; what I sought stood suddenly at my side.

CHAPTER XLV.

Explanation on his part was short and simple. The nephew whom he designed as the heir to his wealth had largely outstripped the liberal allowance made to him—had incurred heavy debts; and, in order to extricate himself from the debts, had plunged into ruinous speculations. Faber had come back to England to save his heir from prison or outlawry, at the expense of more than three-fourths of the destined inheritance. To add to all, the young man had married a young lady without fortune: the uncle only heard of this marriage on arriving in England. The spendthrift was hiding from his creditors in the house of his father-in-law, in one of the western counties. Faber there sought him; and, on becoming acquainted with his wife, grew reconciled to the marriage, and formed hopes of his nephew's future redemption. He spoke, indeed, of the young wife with great affection. She was good and sensible, willing and anxious to encounter any privation by which her husband might retrieve the effects of his folly. "So," said Faber, "on consultation with this excellent creature—for my poor nephew is so broken down by repentance that others must think for him how to exalt repentance into reform—my plans were determined. I shall remove my prodigal from all scenes of temptation. He has youth, strength, plenty of energy, hitherto misdirected. I shall take him from the Old World into the New. I have decided on Australia. The fortune still left to me, small here, will be ample capital there. It is not enough to maintain us separately, so we must all live together. Besides, I feel that, though I have neither the strength nor the experience which could best serve a young settler on a strange soil, still, under my eye, my poor boy will be at once more prudent and more persevering. We sail next week."

Faber spoke so cheerfully that I knew not how to express compassion; yet at his age, after a career of such prolonged and distinguished labor, to resign the ease and comforts of the civilized state for the hardships and rudeness of an infant colony, seemed to me a dreary prospect; and as delicately, as tenderly as I could to one whom I loved and honored as a father, I placed at his disposal the fortune which, in great part, I owed to him—pressing him at least to take from it enough to secure to himself, in his own country, a home suited to his years and worthy of his station. He rejected all my offers, however earnestly urged on him, with his usual modest and gentle dignity; and assuring me that he looked forward with great interest to a residence in lands new to his experience, and affording ample scope for the hardy enjoyments which had always most allured his tastes, he hastened to change the subject.

"And who, think you, is the admirable helpmate my scape-grace has had the saving good luck to find? A daughter of the worthy man who undertook the care of poor Dr. Lloyd's orphans—the orphans who owed so much to your generous exertions to secure a provision for them—and that child, now just risen from her father's grave, is my pet companion, my darling ewe-lamb—Dr. Lloyd's daughter, Amy."

Here the child joined us, quickening her pace as she recognized the old man, and nestling to his side as she glanced wistfully toward myself. A winning, candid, lovable child's face, somewhat melancholy, somewhat more thoughtful than is common to the face of childhood, but calm, intelligent, and ineffably mild. Presently she stole from the old man and put her hand in mine.

"Are you not the kind gentleman who came to see Him that night when he passed away from us, and who, they all say at home, was so good to my brothers and me? Yes, I recollect you now." And she put her pure face to mine, wooing me to kiss it.

I kind! I good! I—I! Alas! she little knew, little guessed, the wrathful imprecation her father had bequeathed to me that fatal night!

I did not dare to kiss Dr. Lloyd's orphan daughter, but my tears fell over her hand. She took them as signs of pity, and, in her infant thankfulness, silently kissed me.

"Oh, my friend!" I murmured to Faber, "I have much that I long to say to you—alone—alone—come to my house with me, be at least my guest as long as you stay in this town."

"Willingly," said Faber, looking at me more intently than he had done before, and, with the true eye of the practiced Healer, at once soft and penetrating.

He rose, took my arm, and whispering a word in the ear of the little girl, she went on before us, turning her head, as she gained the gate, for another look at her father's grave. As we walked to my house Julius Faber spoke to me much of this child. Her brothers were all at school, she was greatly attached to his nephew's wife; she had become yet more attached to Faber himself, though on so short an acquaintance; it had been settled that she was to go with them to Australia.

"There," said he, "the sum that some munificent but unknown friend of her father has settled on her will provide her no mean dower for a colonist's wife, when the time comes for her to bring a blessing to some other hearth than ours." He went on to say that she had wished to accompany him to L——, in order to visit her father's grave before crossing the wide seas; "and she has taken such fond care of me all the way that you might fancy I were the child of the two. I come back to this town, partly to dispose of a few poor houses in it which still belong to me, principally to bid you farewell before quitting the Old World, no doubt forever. So, on arriving to-day, I left Amy by herself in the church-yard while I went to your house, but you were from home. And now I must congratulate you on the reputation you have so rapidly acquired, which has even surpassed my predictions."

"You are aware," said I, falteringly, "of the extraordinary charge from which that part of my reputation dearest to all men has just emerged?"

He had but seen a short account in a weekly journal, written after my release. He asked details, which I postponed.

Reaching my home, I busied myself to provide for the comfort of my two unexpected guests; strove to rally myself—to be cheerful. Not till night, when Julius Faber and I were alone together, did I touch on what was weighing at my heart. Then, drawing to his side, I told him all; all of which the substance is herein written, from the death-scene in Dr. Lloyd's chamber to the hour in which I had seen Dr. Lloyd's child at her father's grave. Some of the incidents and conversations which had most impressed I had already committed to writing, in the fear that otherwise my fancy might forge for its own thralldom the links of reminiscence which my memory might let fall from its chain. Faber listened with a silence only interrupted by short pertinent questions; and when I had done, he remained thoughtful for some moments, then the great physician replied thus:

"I take for granted your conviction of the reality of all you tell me, even of the Luminous Shadow, of the bodiless Voice; but before admitting the reality itself we must abide by the old maxim, not to accept as cause to effect those agencies which belong to the marvelous, when causes less improbable for the effect can be rationally conjectured. In this case are there not such causes? Certainly there are—"

"There are!"

"Listen; you are one of those men who attempt to stifle their own imagination. But in all completed intellect imagination exists, and will force its way; deny it healthful vents, and it may stray into morbid channels. The death-room of Dr. Lloyd deeply impressed your heart far more than your pride would own. This is clear, from the pains you took to exonerate your conscience in your generosity to the orphans. As the heart was moved, so was the imagination stirred; and, unaware to yourself, prepared for much that subsequently appealed to it. Your sudden love, conceived in the very grounds of the house so associated with recollections in themselves strange and romantic; the peculiar temperament and nature of the girl to whom your love was attracted; her own visionary beliefs, and the keen anxiety which infused into your love a deeper poetry of sentiment—all insensibly tended to induce the imagination to dwell on the Wonderful; and, in overstriving to reconcile each rarer phenomenon to the most positive laws of Nature, your very intellect could discover no solution but in the Preternatural.

"You visit a man who tells you he has seen Sir Philip Derval's ghost: on that very evening you hear a strange story, in which Sir Philip's name is mixed up with a tale of murder. The tale so interests your fancy that even the glaring impossibility of a not unimportant part of it escapes your notice—viz., the account of a criminal trial, in which the circumstantial evidence was more easily attainable than in all the rest of the narrative, but which could not legally have taken place as told, implicating two mysterious pretenders to magic—Louis Grayle, and the Sage of Aleppo. Thus it is whenever the mind begins, unconsciously, to admit the shadow of the Supernatural, the Obvious is lost to the eye that plunges its gaze into the Obscure. Almost immediately afterward you become acquainted with a young stranger, whose traits of character interest and perplex, attract yet revolt you. All this time you are engaged in a physiological work that severely tasks the brain, and in which you examine the intricate question of soul distinct from mind.

"And here, I can conceive a cause deep-hid among what metaphysicians would call latent associations, for a train of thought which disposed you to accept the fantastic impressions afterward made on you by the scene in the Museum and the visionary talk of Sir Philip Derval. Doubtless, when at college you first studied metaphysical speculation, you would have glanced over Beattie's Essay on Truth as one of the works written in opposition to your favorite David Hume."

"Yes, I read the book, but I have long since forgotten its arguments."

"Well, in that essay, Beattie* cites the extraordinary instance of Simon Browne, a learned and pious clergyman, who seriously disbelieved the existence of his own soul; and imagined that, by interposition of Divine power, his soul was annulled, and nothing left but a principle of animal life, which he held in common with the brutes! When years ago, a thoughtful, imaginative student, you came on that story, probably enough you would have paused, revolved in your own mind and fancy what kind of a creature a man might be, if, retaining human life and merely human understanding, he was deprived of the powers and properties which reasoners have ascribed to the existence of soul. Something in this young man, unconsciously to yourself, revives that forgotten train of meditative ideas. His dread of death as the final cessation of being, his brute-like want of sympathy with his kind, his incapacity to comprehend the motives which carry man on to scheme and to build for a future that extends beyond his grave, all start up before you at the very moment your reason is overtasked, your imagination kindled, in seeking the solution of problems which philosophy alone can not solve. The young man's conversation not only thus excites your fancies, it disturbs your affections. He speaks not only of drugs that renew youth, but of charms that secure love. You tremble for your Lilian while you hear him! And the brain thus tasked, the imagination thus inflamed, the heart thus agitated, you are presented to Sir Philip Derval, whose ghost your patient had supposed he saw weeks ago.

"This person, a seeker after an occult philosophy, which had possibly acquainted him with some secrets in nature beyond the pale of our conventional experience, though when analyzed they might prove to be quite reconcilable with sober science, startles you with an undefined mysterious charge against the young man who had previously seemed to you different from ordinary mortals. In a room stored with the dead things of the brute soulless world, your brain becomes intoxicated with the fumes of some vapor which produces effects not uncommon in the superstitious practices of the East; your brain thus excited, brings distinctly before you the vague impressions it had before received. Margrave becomes identified with the Louis Grayle of whom you had previously heard an obscure and legendary tale, and all the anomalies in his character are explained by his being that which you had contended, in your physiological work, it was quite possible for man to be, viz., mind and body without soul! You were startled by the monster which man would be were your own theory possible; and in order to reconcile the contradictions in this very monster, you account for knowledge and for powers that mind, without soul, could not have attained, by ascribing to this prodigy broken memories of a former existence, demon attributes from former proficiency in evil magic. My friend, there is nothing here which your own study of morbid idiosyncrasies should not suffice to solve.'

"So, then," said I, "you would reduce all that have affected my senses as realities into the deceit of illusion! But," I added, in a whisper, terrified by my own question, "do not physiologists agree in this: namely, that though illusory phantasms may haunt the sane as well as the insane, the sane know that they are only illusions, and the insane do not?"

"Such a distinction," answered Faber, "is far too arbitrary and rigid for more than a very general and qualified acceptance. He would indeed be a bold physician who maintained that every man who believed he had really seen a ghost was of unsound mind. In Dr. Abercrombie's interesting account of spectral illusions, he tells us of a servant girl who believed she saw at the foot of her bed the apparition of Curran in a sailor's jacket and an immense pair of whiskers.† No doubt the spectre was an illusion, and Dr. Abercrombie very ingeniously suggests the association of ideas by which the apparition was conjured up with the grotesque adjuncts of the jacket and the whiskers; but the servant girl, in believing the reality of the apparition, was certainly not insane. When I read in the American public journals* of 'spirit manifestation,' in which large numbers of persons of at least the average degree of education, declare that they have actually witnessed various phantasms much more extraordinary than all which you have confided to me, and arrive at once at the conclusion that they are thus put into direct communication with departed souls, I have no doubt that they are under an illusion; but I should be utterly unwarranted in supposing that, because they credited that illusion, they were insane. And an impression made on the senses, being in itself sufficiently rare to excite our wonder, may be strengthened, till it takes the form of a positive fact, by various coincidences which are accepted as corroborative testimony, yet which are, nevertheless, nothing more than coincidences found in everyday matters of business, but only emphatically noticed when we can exclaim, 'How astonishing!' In your case such coincidences have been, indeed, very signal, and might well aggravate the perplexities into which your reason was thrown. Sir Philip Derval's murder, the missing casket, the exciting nature of the manuscript, in which a superstitious interest is already enlisted, by your expectation to find in it the key to the narrator's boasted powers, and his reasons for the astounding denunciation of the man whom you suspect to be his murderer; in all this there is much to confirm, nay, to cause an illusion, and for that very reason, when examined by strict laws of evidence, in all this there is but additional proof that the illusion was—only illusion. Your affections contribute to strengthen your fancy in its war on your reason. The girl you so passionately love develops, to your disquietude and terror, the visionary temperament which, at her age, is ever liable to fantastic caprices. She hears Margrave's song, which, you say, has a wildness of charm that affects and thrills even you, who does not know the power; and of all music there is none so potential as that of the human voice. Thus, in some languages, charm and song are identical expressions; and even when a critic in our own sober newspapers extols a Malibran or a Grisi, you may be sure that he will call her 'enchantress.' Well, this lady, your betrothed, in whom the nervous system is extremely impressionable, hears a voice which, even to your ear, is strangely melodious, and sees a form and face which, even to your eye, are endowed with a singular character of beauty. Her fancy is impressed by what she thus hears and sees, and impressed the more because, by a coincidence not very uncommon, a face like that which she beholds has before been presented to her in a dream or a reverie. In the nobleness of genuine, confiding, reverential love, rather than impute to your beloved a levity of sentiment that would seem to you a treason, you accept the chimera of 'magical fascination.' In this frame of mind you sit down to read the memoir of a mystical enthusiast. Do you begin now to account for the Luminous Shadow? A dream! And a dream no less because your eyes were open and you believed yourself awake. The diseased imagination resembles those mirrors which, being themselves distorted, represent distorted pictures as correct.

"And even this Memoir of Sir Philip Derval's, can you be quite sure that you actually read the part which relates to Haroun and Louis Grayle? You say that, while perusing the manuscript, you saw the Luminous Shadow and became insensible. The old woman says you were fast asleep. May you not really have fallen into a slumber, and in that slumber have dreamed the parts of the tale that relate to Grayle? dreamed that you beheld the Shadow? Do you remember what is said so well by Dr. Abercrombie, to authorize the explanation I suggest to you: 'A person under the influence of some strong mental impression falls asleep for a few seconds, perhaps without being sensible of it: some scene or person appears in a dream, and he starts up under the conviction that it was a spectral appearance?'†

"But," said I, "the apparition was seen by me again, and when certainly I was not sleeping."

"True; and who should know better than a physician so well read as yourself that a spectral illusion once beheld is *always apt to return again in the same form*. Thus, Goethe was long haunted by the image; the phantom of a tree budding forth and growing up. Thus, one of our own most distinguished philosophers tells us of the lady known to himself, who would see her husband, hear him move and speak, when he was

* Beattie's Essay on Truth, part i. c. ii. 3. The story of Simon Browne is to be found in The Adventurer.

† Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 281.

* At the date of Faber's conversation with Allen Fenwick the so-called spirit manifestations had not spread from America over Europe. But if it had Faber's views would no doubt have remained the same.

† Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 278 (15th edition). This author, not more to be admired for his intelligence than his candor, and who is entitled to praise for a higher degree of original thought than that to which he modestly pretends, relates a curious anecdote illustrating "the analogy between dreaming and spectral illusion, which he received from the gentleman to whom it occurred—an eminent medical friend:" "Having sat up late one evening, under considerable anxiety for one of his children, who was ill, he fell asleep in his chair, and had a frightful dream, in which the prominent figure was an immense baboon. He awoke with the fright, got up instantly, and walked to a table which was in the middle of the room. He was then quite awake, and quite conscious of the articles around him; but close by the wall in the end of the apartment he distinctly saw the baboon making the same grimaces which he had seen in his dream; and this spectre continued visible for about half a minute." Now, a man who saw only a baboon would be quite ready to admit that it was only an optical illusion; but if, instead of a baboon, he had seen an intimate friend, and that friend, by some coincidence of time, had died about that date, he would be a very strong-minded man if he admitted, for the mystery of seeing his friend, the same natural solution which he would readily admit in seeing a baboon.

"I SEATED MYSELF ON A BENCH, PLACED BETWEEN THE CLIPPED YEW-TREES," ETC.

not even in the house.* But instances of the facility with which phantasms once admitted repeat themselves to the senses are numberless. Many are recorded by Hibbert and Abercrombie, and every physician in extensive practice can add largely, from his own experience, to the list. Intense self-concentration is, in itself, a mighty magician. The magicians of the East inculcate the necessity of fast, solitude, and meditation for the due development of their imaginary powers. And I have no doubt with effect; because fast, solitude, and meditation—in other words, thought or fancy intensely concentred, will both raise apparitions and produce the invoker's belief in them. Spinello, striving to conceive the image of Lucifer for his picture of the Fallen Angels, was at last actually haunted by the Shadow of the fiend. Newton himself has been subjected to a phantom, though to him, son of Light, the spectrum presented was that of the sun! You remember the account that Newton gives to Locke of this visionary appearance. He says that 'though he had looked at the sun with his right eye only, and *not* with the left, yet his fancy began to make an impression upon his left eye as well as his right, for if he shut his right and looked upon a book or a cloud with his left eye, he could see the sun almost as plain as with the right, if he did but *intend* his fancy a little while on it;' nay, 'for some months after, as often as he began to meditate on the phenomena, the spectrum of the sun began to return, even though he lay in bed at midnight, with his curtains drawn!' Seeing, then, how any vivid impression once made will recur, what wonder that you should behold in your prison the Shining Shadow that had first startled you in a wizard's chamber when poring over the records of a murdered visionary? The more minutely you analyze your own hallucinations—pardon me the word—the more they assume the usual characteristics of a dream; contradictory, illogical, even in the marvels they represent. Can any two persons be more totally unlike each other, not merely as to form and years, but as to all the elements of character, than the Grayle of whom you read, or believe you read, and the Margrave in whom you evidently think that Grayle is existent still? The one represented, you say, as gloomy, saturnine, with vehement passions, but with an original grandeur of thought and will, consumed by an internal remorse; the other you paint to me as a joyous and wayward darling of Nature, acute yet frivolous, free from even the ordinary passions of youth, taking delight in innocent amusements, incapable of continuous study, without a single pang of repentance for the crimes you so fancifully impute to him. And now, when your suspicions, so romantically conceived, are dispelled by positive facts—now, when it is clear that Margrave neither murdered Sir Philip Derval nor abstracted the memoir, you still, unconsciously to yourself, draw on your imagination in order to excuse the suspicion your pride of intellect declines to banish, and suppose that this youthful sorcerer tempted the madman to the murder, the woman to the theft—"

"But you forget the madman said 'that he was led on by the Luminous Shadow of a beautiful youth,' that the woman said also that she was impelled by some mysterious agency."

"I do not forget those coincidences; but how your learning would dismiss them as nugatory were your imagination not disposed to exaggerate them! When you read the authentic histories of any popular illusion, such as the spurious inspirations of the Jansenist Convulsionaries, the apparitions that invaded convents, as deposed to in the time of Urban Grondier, the confessions of witches and wizards in places the most remote from each other, or, at this day, the tales of 'spirit-manifestation' recorded in half the towns and villages of America—do not all the superstitious impressions of a particular time have a common family likeness? What one sees another sees, though there has been no communication between the two. I can not tell you why these phantasms thus partake of the nature of an atmospheric epidemic; the fact remains incontestable. And, strange as may be the coincidence between your impressions of a mystic agency and those of some other brains not cognizant of the chimeras of your own, still, is it not simpler philosophy to say, 'They are coincidences of the same nature which made witches in the same epoch all tell much the same story of the broomsticks they rode and the *sabbats* at which they danced to the fiend's piping,' and there leave the matter, as in science we must leave many of the most elementary and familiar phenomena inexplicable as to their causes—is not this, I say, more philosophical than to insist upon an explanation which accepts the supernatural rather than leave the extraordinary unaccounted for?"

"As you speak," said I, resting my downcast face upon my hand, "I should speak to any patient who had confided to me the tale I have told to you."

"And yet the explanation does not wholly satisfy you? Very likely: to some phenomena there is, as yet, no explanation. Perhaps Newton himself could not explain to his own satisfaction why he was haunted at midnight by the spectrum of a sun; though I have no doubt that some later philosopher, whose ingenuity has been stimulated by Newton's account, has, by this time, suggested a rational solution of that enigma.* To return to your own case. I have offered such interpretations of the mystery that confound you, as appear to me authorized by physiological science. Should you adduce other facts which physiological science wants the data to resolve into phenomena, always natural, however rare, still hold fast to that saying of Goethe's, so simple, yet, when considered, so profound—'Mysteries are not always miracles.' And if all which physiological science comprehends in its experience wholly fails us, I may then hazard certain conjectures which, by acknowledging ignorance, is compelled to recognize the marvelous; for, as where knowledge enters the marvelous recedes, so where knowledge falters the marvelous advances. Yet still, even in those conjectures, I will distinguish the marvelous from the supernatural. But, for the present, I advise you to accept the guess that may best quiet the fevered imagination which any bolder guess would only yet more excite."

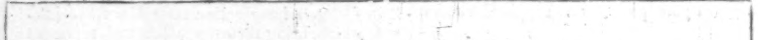
"You are right," said I, rising proudly to the full height of my stature, my head erect and my heart defying. "And so, let this subject be renewed no more between us. I will brood over it no more myself. I regain again the unclouded realm of my human intelligence; and in that intelligence I mock the sorcerer and disdain the spectre."

* Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, p. 39.

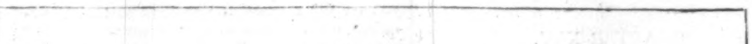
* Dr. Roget, Animal and Vegetable Physiology Considered, with reference to Natural Theology, Bridgewater Treatise, p. 524, 525, states, as a phenomenon which all of us may experience, that which Newton details as "strange," and offer a very rational explanation of it.

"When the impressions are very vivid (Dr. Roget is speaking of visual impressions) another phenomenon often takes place, namely, *their subsequent recurrence after a certain interval, during which they are not felt, and quite independently of any renewed application of the cause which had originally excited them.* (I mark by italics the words which more precisely coincide with Julius Faber's explanations.) If, for example, we look steadfastly at the sun for a second or two, and then immediately close our eyes, the image or spectrum of the sun remains for a long time present to the mind as if the light were still acting on the retina. It then gradually fades and disappears; but if we continue to keep the eyes shut, the *same impression will, after a certain time, recur and again vanish*; and this phenomenon will be repeated at intervals, the sensation becoming fainter at each renewal. (I venture here, with the greatest humility, so far to differ from Dr. Roget as to doubt whether the sensation necessary does become fainter at each renewal. It does not seem to have become fainter by each renewal in Newton's case; and in other instances recorded by physiologists, spectral illusions have become *stronger* by renewal.) It then gradually fades and disappears; but if we continue to keep the eyes shut, the same impression will after a time recur, and then vanish, and this phenomenon will be repeated at intervals, the sensation becoming fainter at each renewal. It is probable that these reappearances of the image, after the light which produced the original impression has been withdrawn, are occasioned by spontaneous affections of the retina itself which are conveyed to the sensorium. In other cases where the impressions are less strong, the physical changes producing these changes are perhaps confined to the sensorium."

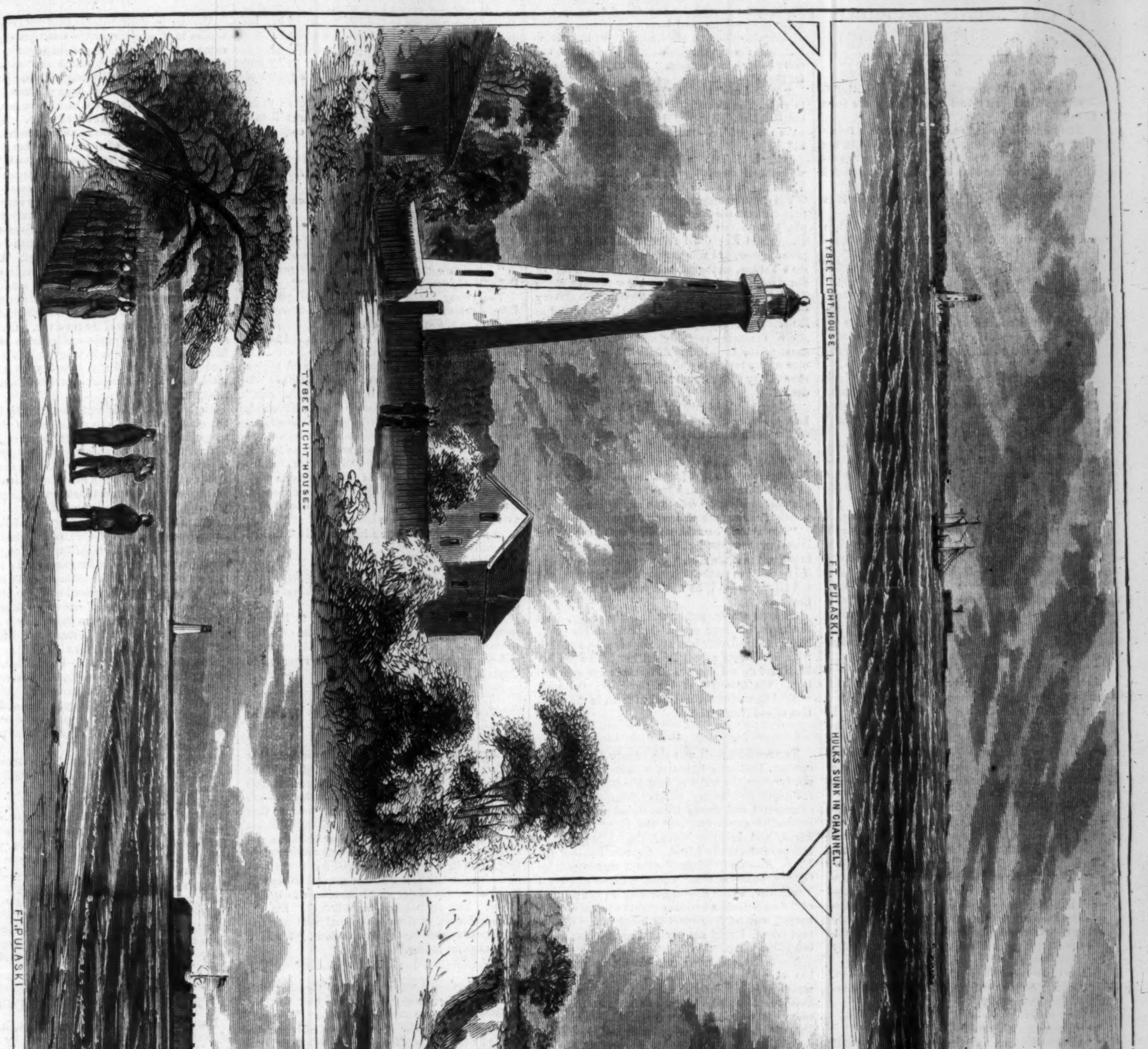
It may be said that the difference between the spectrum of the sun, for instance, and that which perplexed Allen Fenwick is, that we have already looked at the sun before its visionary appearance can be reproduced—and Allen Fenwick only imagines he has seen the apparition which repeats itself to his fancy. But according to Müller, the eye does behold the phantom which the mind conjures up, and, without here contesting a point on which other eminent physiologists however agree with Müller, an idea or image is at all events distinctly conveyed to the sensorium, and that idea or image the sensorium reproduces. Hence the Q. E. D. of Julius Faber's problem, the impression of an image once conveyed to the sense (no matter how) is liable to renewal, "independently of any renewed application of the cause which had originally excited it."



GENERAL HENRY W. BENHAM, U.S.A.—[See Page 799.]



GENERAL NELSON, OF KENTUCKY.—[See Page 799.]



SCENES AT AND AROUND THE ISLAND OF TYBEE, GEORGIA.

IN CHARLESTON, DECEMBER, 1860.

I.

"I WISH you'd stop playing that tune, Grace. Just now it's in very bad taste, to say the least of it."

The musician looked at her uncle with a funny expression of mirth, willfulness, and malice in her exceedingly pretty face, and said, her fingers saucily rattling over the keys and repeating the chorus of "The Star-Spangled Banner:"

"Why, it's a good tune. You fought for it in 1812."

"Yes; but things are very different now. Then we were one united people, and an insolent, arrogant, fanatical section had not attempted—" I spare the reader the rest of the sentence; the fulminations of a sun-burned, sincere, bald-headed, kindly-natured, simple-hearted, but inveterately prejudiced South Carolinian of sixty would be productive but of weariness of spirit and waste of space; the imagination may easily supply them.

His niece meanwhile changed her tune to "Yankee Doodle."

"That's worse!" he said, irritated; "for of all the sniveling, nasal, singsong, whining, Yankee, Puritan—" Speech suppressed for previously given reasons. "Play 'Dixie' or the 'Marseillaise;' they're the tunes for our people now."

"That's so!" assented a tall, fair-haired young man, attired in a military uniform of coarse homespun gray, scantily trimmed with red worsted, who entered the room, his clanking steel scabbard trailing at his heels; "you hear 'em every whar."

"Except over at Moultrie," added his cousin.

"Except over at Moultrie," he admitted, "and they won't be played tharr long!"—speaking with a burr which proclaimed him from the up country.

"No, indeed!" echoed the old gentleman; "the honor and dignity of South Carolina demands that, after solemnly voting herself out of the Union, she shall resume all the privileges of a sovereign State, taking immediate possession of her property in forts, arsenals, post-offices, public—" Suppression as before, in tenderness to the reader.

"I'll tell the officers so at Captain F——'s party," said the young lady, when her uncle had temporarily exhausted his eloquence.

"I wish you wouldn't go there," he answered, pettishly; "F—— is a Yankee, and I don't like him. All these absurd preparations at the fort are attributed to him, to D——, and their cowardly distrust of our people. Major Anderson, now, is a Southerner and a gentleman—understands us—we shall have no trouble with *him*."

"Sis is half abolitionist, I reckon, since she came back from France and England," said the young volunteer, with a look of mingled shyness, admiration, and distrust at the brilliant beauty of his cousin.

"I'm *not!*" she exclaimed, with a flash of Carolinian instinct, for to Southern ears the epithet applied to her always sounds like a taunt; "but the soldiers are only doing their duty, and if you're going to attack and murder that brave little garrison for *that*, I think it's a wicked and cowardly business—there!"

More platitudes on the part of the old gentleman.

"Grace," he inquired, presently, "have you accepted for this evening?"

"Yes, uncle!"

"Who goes with you?"

"Eva, and Clare, and the Doctor—and you, if you like."

Mr. Allen shook his head negatively. "I have a great respect for the officers at Fort Moultrie," he said, "with a few exceptions, and wish them (as they probably wish themselves) safely out of the false position in which a treacherous and imbecile government has placed them, but I can not visit Captain F——. *You* will do as you please. Only there *was* a little girl five years ago, who, before she went to Paris and London to finish her education and returned with French and English notions about her kinsfolk, wouldn't disobey them in any thing."

"Uncle," the girl remonstrated, "if you really don't wish me to go, I won't."

"No, no!" he said, good-naturedly, satisfied with having spoken, "go—go and enjoy yourself, only don't fall in love with any of the officers!"

Grace reddened so suddenly and deeply at this, that had not the old gentleman bustled to the window for the purpose of opening it and looking over the yellow water of Charleston harbor, he must have perceived it. As it was, he only drew in a deep inspiration of the mild, moist December morning, took his hat, told Grace to give him a match for his cigar, lit it, and strolled forth into the garden. His nephew remained. He had observed his cousin's discomposure.

"Gracie," he asked, bluntly, "who's that United States captain who talked with you on board the *Osiris*, going down to the island yesterday?"

She told him, blushing deeper than before.

"Hum! Then I think—" He commenced impetuously but broke off, faltering and confused by the sudden concentration of two big, black, and exceedingly indignant eyes upon his own.

"Mark, if you have any thing to say to me, say it; but remember that I like to have my own way just as much as you do, and have an equal right to it!"

"Gracie, I'm jealous of that captain. I suspicioned him from the first!"

Grace laughed, tossed her curls, blushed again, and answered,

"Foolish fellow, what business is it of yours?"

The tall volunteer pulled at his blond mustache and bit it vindictively.

"Look here," he said, awkwardly, yet with a certain earnestness and simplicity about his rustic features which seemed to refine them for the occasion, "I've been trying to get your good-will for ever so long, Gracie, and I *do* think—"

"Then you *oughtn't!* You're a very good fellow, Mark, but we can't be any thing more to each other than cousins, as I have told you again and again, so don't say a word more about it. Recollect, too, I'm for the Union and Uncle Sam, and don't believe in secession. You ought to hate me for that!"

"Well, I can't help it, though I do think it mean to go back on us and side with the Yankees against old Carolina. But you'll know better when we have whipped 'em—that is, if they oblige us to do it."

"Mark, I hate to hear you talk so; it's as wicked as it is foolish, and I'll tell you why. When I was a girl here, in Charleston, I used to think South Carolina the greatest place in the world, and that we were the finest, and best, and bravest people, just as you do now. So when I went to France and England I talked and bragged like a perfect goose, and was very mad when they called me a Yankee, as they do all of us from this side of the water; but I found they knew nothing about South Carolina (except in connection with slavery —I heard enough of *that* of course!), and cared as little. But every body understood that being an *American* meant something, and believed we were a great people, even if they didn't like us. And now here we are trying to pull down all this, and to ruin the country just because Mr. Lincoln is to be President!"

"Thar won't be any ruin, I reckon. The Yankees are a no-fight people, and will back right squarr down when they see they've got to do it or fight."

"I don't believe it. Captain —— says—" In her eagerness the girl forgot herself, the name escaping before she was aware of it. Mark Harding simultaneously gave vent to an expression of anger, which if not an oath was very like one.

"See hyar!" he said, striding up to her with a lowering brow, and looking into her conscious, confused, yet resolute face, "you've said enough now, if I hadn't ben on the right track before. Jest you tell Captain —— if he wants *you* to 'ware *me*—that's all!"

And he strode, rather melodramatically, from the room, his long sword clanking at his heels. The girl gazed after him at first defiantly, and then with a changed aspect leaned her head upon her hand and mused deeply. Presently her eyes followed the direction of her thoughts; she rose, walked to a window, and looked forth in the direction of Sullivan's Island.

II.

THAT evening—it was the twenty-sixth of December, 1860—the lights of a neat wooden villa not far from the walls of Fort Moultrie shone out brilliantly into the raw, moist evening, the shadows of graceful and manly forms flitted across the illuminated casements, and the sound of music, mirth, and laughter awoke the ordinary quiet echoes of the sandy island. Captain F—— of the U. S. A.—the "Yankee" officer disparaged by Grace's uncle—in other words, a brave and loyal Vermonter, whose known hostility to the designs of the secessionists had incurred the honor of their hatred, was holding revel in honor of the Christmas time. I need not say that my heroine made one of the party.

The house, a summer one, like most of its class, has long windows reaching to the floor, some of which are open for the better ventilation of the heated rooms. Now and then certain of the guests emerge from the ball-room on to the wooden piazza. Two of these, after lingering for some time, descend the shallow flight of steps to a neglected garden, horrent with the green spikes of the tropical-looking Spanish bayonet, and from thence saunter into and along the sandy road. They are male and female, the lady small and slight in figure, the gentleman wearing the uniform of a captain in the United States Army.

"Gracie," he says, tenderly arranging a shawl about her head and shoulders, and looking lovingly down into the big black eyes, "you mustn't ask *why*? Take my word for it and promise."

"Promise what?"

"That whatever befalls me you will credit me with having loved you dearly; that nothing shall make you distrust this; that, so long as you have no reason to doubt my love, fidelity, and honor, you will be true to me, in the faith that some day you will become mine own dear wife!"

"George, you speak as though some danger were hanging over you?"

"You know our position here!" And he shrugged his shoulders.

"Is that all? Is there any thing imminent?"

"We think the Charlestonians are going to attack us. We are pretty sure of it, and have even some intimation of the time and plan resolved upon. And we shall do our duty."

The girl clung apprehensively to his arm. "It's very dreadful," she said, "for Americans to kill Americans; but—what's that?"

They had reached the picturesque cluster of palmetto-trees growing by the road-side, and known as "the Five Indians." Grace's exclamation was caused by a figure emerging from their shadow, striding into the road, and confronting them.

"Captain ——," said Mark Harding, "I want the favor of just three words with you in private, if you can spare the time."

The Captain looked surprised, exchanged a few words with his companion, who, apprehensive and indignant, had uttered an exclamation of alarm at her cousin's appearance, and followed his example in stepping a little aside.

"Well, Sir?"

"Will you fight?"

Captain —— slightly elevated his eyebrows at the inquiry, and responded:

"I am a soldier, Sir."

"When will you give me a meeting, then?"

"If you have no objection to answering the question, I should like to know what cause of quarrel you have with me."

"You are a —— Yankee, and fond of my cousin Grace. Tharr!"

"A sufficient reason! I suspect you ought to sympathize with me in the latter part of it. Instead of doing so, you want to kill me, eh?"

"Unless you'll give her up right off!"

"I shall not submit to be dictated to by any body in such a matter, least of all by a person of *your* appearance and manners."

"Then you've got to fight. I'm bound to fix you to that, though I know you Yankees 'll talk yourselves out of any thing, if you only get a chance."

"I will fight you whenever you please except now. I suppose you don't want Miss Allen to be a looker-on?"

"Will you meet me here to-night when the ball breaks up? I'll wait for you."

"Without seconds?"

"With or without 'em, just as you please. I can raise a friend if you want to bring one."

"You know that, as the challenged person, I have the right to the choice of weapons?"

The young South Carolinian looked puzzled. Like most of his class he possessed very crude ideas as to the etiquette of the duello, connecting it indefinitely with the use of revolvers and bowie-knives. He assented, however.

"I name swords, then, and will endeavor to give you a lesson which may be of value to you as a soldier—as I see you are ambitious of becoming one."

Mark Harding, of the Marion Guard, Edgefield, South Carolina, had as little practical acquaintance with the use of the weapon which he wore so proudly in its clinking steel scabbard as he had with the harpoon or the integral calculus, but his pluck would have induced his acceptation of a proposition to be tied hand to hand with his opponent, then to walk over a precipice. So he bowed with as much dignity as he could muster, and would have strode away if Grace had not called to him imperatively.

"Well?" he said, ungraciously.

"If you don't retract every word you have been saying—I know it's something quarrelsome—I'll never speak to you again."

The volunteer muttered something to himself, turned on his heel, and was gone. None the less endeared to each other from what had occurred, and conversing earnestly, the lovers returned to Captain F——'s Christmas party.

III.

"YOU can't keep the appointment. It's to be done to-night, George."

"To-night?"

"Immediately. I'm free to tell you now that the hop was only a blind. The men will be in the boats in half an hour. All the cannon—there's only eleven of them pointing toward Sumter—are already spiked and the flag-staff cut down, so that they can never hoist any of their miserable Secession rags upon it in place of the dear old Stars and Stripes, which, please God, shall to-morrow defy them from the top of the strongest fort in the harbor. In another half hour the gun-carriages will be blazing; the Major and I have seen to it ourselves. You are wanted immediately. Let the blockhead wait, or defer his quarrel with you until they attack us, if they dare to do it. We have not a moment to lose."

IV.

ALL Charleston was frantic next morning with the news of the secret evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson and his garrison. Then and throughout the weeks of excitement, of apprehension, of expectation, of chronic alarm, anger, and vainglory which marked that memorable time, perhaps the most exasperated man in the rebellious city was Mark Harding.

Three weeks afterward the columns of a New York newspaper contained the following paragraph in a letter from its Charleston correspondent:

"All private visits to Fort Sumter are strictly forbidden. For disobeying this order a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. ——, and three young ladies were recently expelled from Charleston. He lived at Sullivan's Island, and rowed to the fort in a pleasure-boat, spending an hour or two in the society of the officers, friends of the party. It is said that the reverend gentleman and ladies have proceeded to Washington."

V.

"AT last, dearest!"

"At last! I feared I should never see you again."

"And I, too, for all the long, dreary weeks, and particularly at the close of them. It was really pretty artillery practice on both sides, I assure you. Do you know that that amiable cousin of yours was exceedingly energetic during the attack? I understand he wanted to head a storming party in a steamer or open boat, in which case we should have been obliged to have blown both him and his enterprising friends out of the water. I am glad the necessity wasn't forced upon us, for I shouldn't like to shed blood akin to that which flows in *your* veins, Grace. I have no doubt he was actuated by feelings of personal hostility toward one particular 'cowardly Yankee,' who disappointed him by not keeping a certain nocturnal appointment on Sullivan's Island."

"Foolish Mark! he talked horridly about it, and made my life miserable, until I was almost glad when they sent me away."

"And your uncle, dearest? What did *he* say?"

"He was a member of the Vigilance Committee, and though very angry, seemed as wretched as myself. He loves me so, that I think he would like to be here too, if it weren't for deserting South Carolina, as he'd call it."

"I'm sorry he's not here to give you away, Grace!"

"George!"

"Dearest, you are all alone in the world now; I love you best of any thing in it, and claim you for that love's sake. I shall be ordered on duty in a fortnight—let me leave a wife behind to pray for me! Our dear old Doctor is here, you know, and you owe him a job for getting him expatriated. I dare say Miss Eva and Clare will look very pretty as bridemaids!"

VI.

WE are in the debatable land between the two armies in Virginia, near the outskirts of the rebel camp. It is a calm, moonlight night in autumn, and the "sweet regent of the sky" sails aloft in unclouded splendor, silvering with her pure effulgence, or hiding in broad deep shadows, the hideous features of devastation which war has stamped upon the once beautiful landscape. The doorless, windowless, and dismantled farm-houses—the blackened remains of those which have been destroyed by fire—the fenceless and trampled gardens and fields, all scored with unaccustomed wheel-tracks and footprints of men and horses—the fetid water-pools in the highways—the deep wagon-ruts—the carcasses of steeds, which lie putrefying by the road-side, no longer intrude themselves upon the sickened attention, as during the garish day. Yet the scene is otherwise than peaceful. From the woody covert of a little copse bordering a field of maize, which has been trodden into a miry jungle of rotting corn-stalks, comes the scattering report of musketry, the sharp crack of the rifle, and the sudden, continuous snap of the revolver. One of those frequent, bloody, nameless skirmishes characterizing the present war is in progress, having originated in the surprisal and attack upon a posse of rebel troops by a daring little party of United States riflemen.

Hotly the ground is contested, inch by inch, but the alarm has been communicated to the Union troops in the rear, and dreading the arrival of reinforcements, the rebels are compelled to retreat, half of their number having already bit the dust. The fight slackens until it is a mere duel between a few desperate men who resist ineffectually, apparently preferring death or captivity to flight.

One of these, a tall, muscular young fellow, with fair hair and blond mustaches, after defending himself with more fury than skill with a long cavalry sabre, finds it shivered in his grasp by the blow of a musket, and himself borne to the ground with a bayonet thrust through his sword-arm into his side.

"Don't kill him, Rob!" cries the officer in command of the Union party, as the soldier is about to repeat his thrust with fatal intent. "Yield yourself our prisoner, Sir, and your life shall be spared."

The officer chances to be bareheaded, his hat having been lost in the *mêlée*, and the moonlight strikes full upon his countenance. And Mark Harding, with an oath of recognition and hatred, despite his wounded sword-arm, draws his revolver and fires its two remaining charges at his preserver—fires and misses.

"Bayonet him!" is the cry, and a storm of execration and rage rises round the wounded Carolinian. It is with no small difficulty, and the promptest enforcement of his authority, both by voice and gesture, that the officer can save the justly-forfeited life of his intended murderer.

"You would have slain me," he said; "now see how a Yankee will revenge himself on one who has no title to his mercy beyond his relationship to her who was Grace Allen! You are our prisoner, but your hurt shall be seen to as soon as possible, and I will do all I can toward effecting your liberty by procuring your exchange for one of our men. Fight against us again, if you will; but remember the lesson of to-night. Boys, let us go back to the camp."

THE RAT-HOLE SQUADRON.

WE present our readers, on page 789, with a sketch of the fleet of OLD WHALERS, as seen by the brig *Castillian*, Nov. 21, in lat. 38° 55', long. 72° 40'. The fleet is comprised of old whalers, which have been purchased by the Government for the purpose of effectively blockading the Southern ports. By this means the rebels will be frustrated in their little excursions seaward. These ships once in place, no rebel Commissioners will find their way out upon the blue waters to be caught by our gallant naval officers.

Among this fleet is the old ship *Cerea*, whose history is well worthy of record here. She was formerly an armed store-ship belonging to the British navy. During the Revolutionary war she came over loaded with supplies for the British army. A storm coming on, she sought shelter in Long Island Sound. It became known to the Yankee fishermen that she was in their waters, and they determined to capture her. Accordingly they formed a company of nearly one hundred stout-hearted and hardy men, and put out into the Sound. Shortly after leaving New Bedford harbor they discovered the Britisher in the distance. All hands save an elderly man and three men and one boy went into the little fishing schooner's hold, all well armed. On the little craft stood until she reached the fishing-ground, where they threw out their lines and were soon engaged in catching fish. The store-ship altered her course and ran down toward the fisherman, and fired a gun, and the Yankee boys headed their vessel toward the ship. As soon as she came within hail they were ordered to come alongside, which they did after some murmuring. The fish which had been taken were transferred to the deck of the store-ship, and carried over to the other side of the vessel, away from the side where the schooner lay. Curiosity prompted the British sailors to crowd around the fishermen with their fish. In the mean time one of the boys took a fish and threw it out of one of the ports, and it striking the schooner's deck gave the signal for the men in the hold to come up. This was but the work of a moment, and before the Britisher could arm his crew or recover from the surprise his ship was a prize. The ship was taken into New Bedford, where she was discharged of her stores, and when the war was over she was converted into a whaler, and she has been employed in that business from that time to within a year past. She now goes to assist in sealing up one of the Southern ports. The *Cerea* was a very fast sailer, and has been ordinarily a very lucky ship. But now her sailing days are over, and she will find a white sandy bed on which to lie until broken up by the strong waves of old ocean.

GENERAL HENRY W. BENHAM.

THIS officer, whose portrait we give on page 796, entered West Point from Connecticut, and graduating in due course with the highest honors of his class, was assigned to the Engineer Corps of the Army. For years he was engaged in the usual routine of repairing and constructing fortifications in various parts of the country until the Mexican war arose, in which he served with zeal; and being wounded at Buena Vista, was breveted Captain.

At a later date he held for some years the charge of the United States Coast Survey Bureau, at Washington, under its distinguished chief, Professor Bache; also seizing an opportunity for liberal and professional improvement by a brief trip to Europe. Soon after his return he took charge of the fortifications at New Bedford; and at a later date, and for several years, was intrusted with the construction of the defenses of the great commercial emporium—New York—at Sandy Hook, where he succeeded the veteran engineer, Colonel De Russy.

At the first outbreak of this War of Secession Captain Benham applied for active service, and was assigned by his General—the present distinguished Commander of the Army—to the charge of fortifying the prominent military point—Cairo, Illinois. He there called attention to the importance of Bird's Point, as bearing on the defense of Cairo. But about the middle of May, under General M'Clellan's orders, Captain Benham repaired early to Western Virginia, as chief of the staff of General Morris, who is himself known as a high graduate of West Point. As chief engineer of that army he at once applied himself to the study of the country—its roads, resources, and obstacles.

Finally, while in command of the advanced body of General Morris's troops, Captain Benham effected his crowning effort, the victory at Carrick's Ford, which it is known resulted in the death of the brave Garnett, and the complete rout of his army.

In September the brave General Rosecrans was in chief command, and the battle of Carnifex took place. Here Benham fought conspicuously in the front, and was eager, if General Rosecrans had thought it prudent to consent, to bring on a general engagement, which, however, was postponed until morning; but in the night General Floyd, satisfied with his defeat, dextrously retreated.

The zealous services of Captain Benham through his whole career, and his military capacity, have attracted the attention of the Government, and he has been created Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

GENERAL NELSON, U.S.A.

WE publish on page 796 a portrait of GENERAL NELSON, of Kentucky, who is now commanding a brigade of United States forces. General Nelson is a native of Kentucky, and served in the United States Navy for many years. On the outbreak of the rebellion he offered his services to the Government in any capacity in which they might be required; and he was accordingly intrusted with the delicate and important duty of introducing arms into his native State to arm the Union men. This task was performed successfully, in spite of various obstacles arising from the hostility of the Executive and a large number of the leading men of the State. Lieutenant Nelson was then authorized to recruit troops for the Government service in Kentucky. He worked so well that he was soon at the head of a regiment of well-drilled troops, and soon afterward of a brigade. His latest exploit was the attack and dispersion of a rebel *corps d'armée* near Piketon, Kentucky.

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

OUR special artist at Hilton Head, South Carolina, has been to Beaufort, and sends us the sketches which we reproduce on pages 788 and 789. He writes as follows concerning them:

BEAUFORT AND ITS SCENES.

The landing-place for the steamers which formerly ran inland between Savannah and Charleston is now used by our forces as their place of debarkation. Among the prominent buildings is the Arsenal, which was built by the United States Government, and a part of which was used as a light-house and buoy dépôt. It has since been used by the secessionists for various military purposes.

On the arrival of the United States steamship *M'Clellan*, Captain Gray, she was surrounded by boats loaded with fruits, sweet potatoes, chickens, etc., gathered by the slaves, who importuned the Captain to purchase their small but many cargoes. Captain Saxton, the Quartermaster of the Division, accompanied the *M'Clellan* to Beaufort, and succeeded in getting on board and in tow about 100,000 feet of valuable lumber.

The Street in Beaufort displays the prison, etc., and which, like all the other buildings, was deserted by the whites.

The rebel look-out was in the belfry of the Baptist Church, which commanded a view of the town, river, shell road, etc. On being visited by our party an empty decanter, two glasses, and a pitcher of water were found.

The Raising of the Flag was performed by an officer of the *M'Clellan*, whose phiz is well known to all New Yorkers.

THE FINAL HOME OF THE BRAVE WHO FELL IN THE ENGAGEMENT OFF HILTON HEAD.

The braves who fell on the 7th of November are buried in a beautiful sequestered spot near the Pope mansion, now occupied as the head-quarters of the Division. The graves are in the midst of live oaks, palmettos, luxuriant vines, wild roses, and tropical flowers. Neat head-boards mark the resting-place of each, the most prominent of which is the grave of John M. Whittemore, Assistant-Engineer of the *Mohican*, the only officer killed, who fell while standing by the bell-pull of the engine, and heroically cheering the men at the midship guns. He was killed instantaneously, as he uttered his last words—"*Give it to them, boys!*" He was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, and was the son of the late Rev. Thos. Whittemore.

THE LIGHT-SHIP AT MARTIN'S INDUSTRY, OFF THE ENTRANCE TO PORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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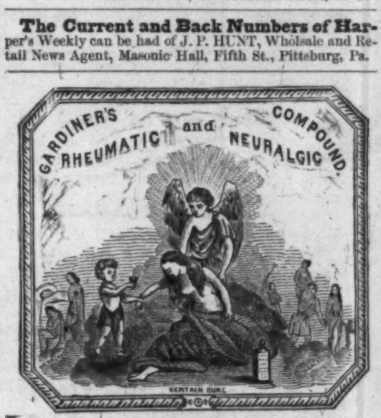

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